

## THE CRITIC, And Journal of Literature.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1844.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

### PRINCIPLES AND POLICY OF YOUNG ENGLAND.

WE cannot resume this subject without protesting against an endeavour which has been made by some hostile newspapers to saddle upon YOUNG ENGLAND certain doctrines enunciated by Mr. B. COCHRANE in an address to his constituents at Bridport. It is necessary thus promptly and emphatically to repudiate them, because they do *not*, in any manner, speak the sentiments of YOUNG ENGLAND, and because they were doctrines most dangerous in their tendency, the establishment of which would assuredly lead to the subversion of property, and thence to a condition of anarchy. Moreover, it is provoking to have the deductions of sober reason associated with the ravings of an ill-regulated fancy, and the follies of the latter wielded for the purpose of exciting prejudice against the former.

We return now to take up the argument, at the point where we quitted it in our last number.

In this first mapping, as it were, of the great subject we have undertaken, we purpose to attempt nothing more than an outline, indicating only the more prominent objects, and tracing the order of the route with the end to which it points, and leaving it to subsequent leisurable rambles to examine more minutely the minor paths that branch from the main one on either side, and to paint with particularity the scenes that crowd about us.

The proposition enunciated in the last number as the foundation of the principles of YOUNG ENGLAND is, that the individual MAN is of vastly greater importance than it has been the fashion, in modern times at least, to esteem him; that the poorest and vilest wretch in the community is an *immortal*, hath in him a spark of the Divinity; in body and in mind is very like the proudest peer who rolls past him in a carriage as he lies starving by the way-side; that nature has endowed him with the same capacities to perceive, to reflect, to feel, as the best of his betters; that he is as capable of being educated and civilized as they—fitted to share the same pleasures and the same pains; is to be won by kindness, or repulsed by harshness and neglect; is capable, in common with them, of gratitude for benefits and revenge for wrongs, real or imaginary. That all, the poor and the rich, are heirs of the same heaven, inheritors of the same eternity, creatures of the same God—have mutual duties to perform, are entitled to mutual respect and regard—have each a part to play in the order of the universe, which would be incomplete without them; and therefore that their common character MAN places them so infinitely beyond their differences of social station, that it is the duty of statesmen, of legislators, and of individuals, practically to esteem all their fellow-creatures of every class, as entitled to regard, to respect, and to any cares their condition may require.

But the tendency of modern legislation, and not of legislation only but of society, has been to depress the importance of the individual, and exalt that of the masses. The consequence is seen in the slow but steady degradation of THE MAN, and thence, as the masses are made up of individuals, the depression of *men*. The prevailing *idea* of our times is commercial. Our laws have been

framed upon that idea, and our society has partaken of it; hence the exclusiveness that has marked both, the one being made for the advantage of the influential classes, the other drawing closer the line of demarcation, and shrinking from contact with all who stand without. The single aim of statesmen appears to have been the mercantile one of obtaining the greatest possible amount of production with very little regard for the sacrifice at which the wealth of the nation was to be purchased. Men, therefore, were valued as machines, and the problem was, how they might be kept in order at the lowest cost, and made to throw off the greatest amount of work.

We do not mean to say that such has been the deliberate design of our statesmen, and that such calculations have always governed their doings; but this has been the general tendency of legislation, obedient to that pressure from without,—that public opinion,—so difficult to define, yet so irresistible in power.

YOUNG ENGLAND contends that this system is bad in theory, because it does not take sufficient account of the individual MAN as a rational, sensitive, and immortal being, and that in practice it has proved an entire and lamentable failure.

In proof of this, we need but look around us. The primary purpose of the commercial system of government has been most amply achieved. Wealth has been produced beyond the wildest dreams of our ancestors; the nation has grown rich—richer, perhaps, than ever was nation before. The powers of production have been stimulated to the very utmost, and the animate and the inanimate machines have yielded to their masters full and overflowing measure of profit.

And yet what do we behold? the anomaly of poverty keeping even pace with the growth of national wealth; the producers of that wealth not only having no part of its increase, but enjoying the less the more they produce. Has the happiness, have the morals, have the manners of the people, improved? Have they loftier tastes, do they exhibit a higher civilization?—in brief, have they gained aught by the commercial system in that which is the earthly end and aim of being—happiness? Or have they more virtue or more piety?

No; emphatically, No! The answer is read in every newspaper, written upon the face of the country in work-houses and gaols, and when night falls the same reply is sent up to heaven by blazing ricks and burning homesteads. Parliament proclaims it, blue books prove it, that the system is wrong somewhere, and that national wealth is not necessarily productive of national happiness. It may wound our vanity to admit the fact, but the truth must out. The commercial system has failed for the purposes for which a Government exists, namely, the advancement of the welfare of the *whole* people. The failure, indeed, is admitted by all, and shall it then be called presumption if, when nobody knows what to do, and the oldest and wisest appear to be bewildered, YOUNG ENGLAND should venture to put in a word, saying, "Your system has disappointed you; it was based upon a wrong foundation; I think I can tell you where the error lies; if I am right in this the cure is not so hopeless as you imagine. Amend your system with all practicable speed, taking care not to do mischief by over-hasty changes; let your principle be this, and your policy, as the necessary consequence of that principle, thus and thus, and England will be righted again. Her brave old oak is sound at the core, spite of the creaking of its limbs. Here are my reasons for what I propose; test them as you will; come and discuss them with me, and then, if you have nothing better to propose, make trial of these principles and this policy, and see if they better secure the object we seek, or ought to seek, in common—the happiness of the

community and the moral and intellectual elevation of all the classes of which it is composed."

Such is the claim which YOUNG ENGLAND puts forth to a fair hearing. Will it be denied to him?

#### MISS MARTINEAU ON MESMERISM.

As we had anticipated from her great moral courage, which forbids her on any occasion to suppress the truth in deference to prejudices, Miss MARTINEAU has given to science the mighty boon of her own calm and observant experiences in Mesmerism, in the form of a circumstantial history of her remarkable cure, and the phenomena which attended the employment of the mighty and mysterious agent by which it was accomplished.

It is somewhat curious that this interesting revelation should have been given to the world in the columns of a journal (*The Athenæum*) which up to this moment has been the bitter assailant of Mesmerism, omitting no opportunity of throwing ridicule upon the science as a hoax, upon its practitioners as impostors, upon its believers as credulous fools. Whether such a journal was the best medium for such a communication is, however, of small importance, compared with the magnitude of the facts disclosed, and we lose not a moment in laying before our readers, who have been accustomed to a very different treatment of the subject, the substance of Miss MARTINEAU's revelations.

The letter is dated from Tynemouth, and commences with a short review of the various classes of believers and unbelievers in Mesmerism. For some years before June last she was in the class of believers upon testimony. But she had never seen a case.

From the summer of 1839, till the autumn, she was a prisoner from illness, and she adds, "my recovery now, by means of mesmeric treatment alone, has given me the most thorough knowledge possible that Mesmerism is true."

Her disease was an internal one that had been coming on for many years; after repeated warnings her health broke down in June 1839; she sank lower and lower for three years, and remained nearly stationary for two more preceding last June. "During these five years," she says, "I never felt wholly at ease for one single hour." She was confined "to a life passed between my bed and my sofa," and her sufferings could only be subdued by opiates. Her medical man avowed "that he found himself compelled to give up all hope of affecting the disease." As to all essential points of the disease, she "was never lower" than immediately before she made trial of Mesmerism.

On the 22nd of June the first trial was made and was successful, and this was the result:—

At the end of four months I was, as far as my own feelings could be any warrant, quite well. My mesmerist and I are not so precipitate as to conclude my disease yet extirpated, and my health established beyond all danger of relapse, because time only can prove such facts. We have not discontinued the mesmeric treatment, and I have not re-entered upon the hurry and bustle of the world. The case is thus not complete enough for a professional statement. But, as I am aware of no ailment, and am restored to the full enjoyment of active days and nights of rest, to the full use of my powers of body and mind; and as many invalids, still languishing in such illness as I have recovered from, are looking to me for guidance in the pursuit of health by the same means, I think it right not to delay giving a precise statement of my own mesmeric experience, and of my observation of some different manifestations in the instance of another patient in the same house. A further reason against delay is, that it would be a pity to omit the record of some of the fresh feelings and immature ideas which attend an early experience of mesmeric influence, and which it may be an aid and comfort to novices to recognize from my record. And again, as there is no saying in regard to a subject so obscure, what is trivial and what is not, the fullest detail is likely to be the wisest; and the earlier the narrative the fuller, while better knowledge will teach us hereafter what are the non essentials that may be dismissed.

Her description of the first trial of the mesmeric influence is very interesting.

I had no other idea than that I should either drop asleep or feel nothing. I did not drop asleep, and I did feel something very strange. Various passes were tried by Mr. Hall; the first

that appeared effectual, and the most so for some time after, were passes over the head, made from behind,—passes from the forehead to the back of the head, and a little way down the spine. A very short time after these were tried, and twenty minutes from the beginning of the *séance*, I became sensible of an extraordinary appearance, most unexpected, and wholly unlike any thing I had ever conceived of. Something seemed to diffuse itself through the atmosphere,—not like smoke, nor steam, nor haze,—but most like a clear twilight, closing in from the windows and down from the ceiling, and in which one object after another melted away, till scarcely any thing was left open before my wide open eyes. First, the outlines of all objects were blurred; then a bust, standing in a strong light, melted quite away; then the opposite bust; then the table with its gay cover, then the floor, and the ceiling, till one small picture, high up on the wall, only remained visible,—like a patch of phosphoric light. I feared to move my eyes, lest this singular appearance should vanish; and I cried out, "O! deepen it! deepen it!" supposing this the precursor of the sleep. It could not be deepened, however; and when I glanced aside from the luminous point, I found that I need not fear the return of objects to their ordinary appearance while the passes were continued. The busts reappeared, ghost-like, in the dim atmosphere, like faint shadows, except that their outlines, and the parts in the highest relief, burned with the same phosphoric light. The features of one, an Isis with bent head, seemed to be illumined by a fire on the floor, though this bust has its back to the windows. Wherever I glanced, all outlines were dressed in this beautiful light; and so they have been, at every *séance*, without exception, to this day; though the appearance has rather given way to drowsiness since I left off opiates entirely. This appearance remained during the remaining twenty minutes before the gentlemen were obliged to leave me. The other effects produced were, first, heat, oppression, and sickness, and, for a few hours after, disordered stomach; followed, in the course of the evening, by a feeling of lightness and relief, in which I thought I could hardly be mistaken.

The second trial produced no new sensations.

The next day, however, left no doubt. Mr. Hall was prevented by illness from coming over, too late to let me know. Unwilling to take up my opiate while in expectation of his arrival, and too wretched to do without some resource, I rang for my maid, and asked whether she had any objection to attempt what she saw Mr. Hall do the day before. With the greatest alacrity she complied. Within one minute the twilight and phosphoric lights appeared; and in two or three more, a delicious sensation of ease spread through me,—a cool comfort, before which all pain and distress gave way, oozing out, as it were, at the soles of my feet. During that hour, and almost the whole evening, I could no more help exclaiming with pleasure than a person in torture crying out with pain. I became hungry, and ate with relish, for the first time for five years. There was no heat, oppression, or sickness during the *séance*, nor any disorder afterwards. During the whole evening, instead of the lazy hot ease of opiates, under which pain is felt to lie in wait, I experienced something of the indescribable sensation of health, which I had quite lost and forgotten. I walked about my rooms, and was gay and talkative. Something of this relief remained till the next morning, and then there was no reaction. I was no worse than usual, and perhaps rather better.

Nothing is to me more unquestionable and more striking about this influence than the absence of all reaction. Its highest exhilaration is followed, not by depression or exhaustion, but by a further renovation. From the first hour to the present, I have never fallen back a single step. Every point gained has been steadily held. Improved composure of nerve and spirit has followed upon every mesmeric exhilaration. I have been spared all the weaknesses of convalescence, and carried through all the usually formidable enterprises of return from deep disease to health with a steadiness and tranquillity astonishing to all witnesses. At this time, without venturing to speak of my health as established, I believe myself more firm in nerve, more calm and steady in mind and spirits, than at any time in my life before. So much, in consideration of the natural and common fear of the mesmeric influence as pernicious excitement,—as a kind of intoxication.

About the middle of August, after all medicines but opiates had been discontinued, the worst pains of the disease had departed, and hopes of recovery dawned upon her.

The maid-servant had continued the operation, but it was found that she had not sufficient predominance of the will to keep up the needful excitement. A lady, the widow of a clergyman, practically interested in Mesmerism and possessed of great mesmeric power, volunteered her services.

Under her hands, the visual appearances and other immediate

sensations were much the same as before; but the experience of recovery was more rapid. I can describe it only by saying, that I felt as if my life were fed from day to day. The vital force infused or induced was as clear and certain as the strength given by food to those who are faint from hunger. I am careful to avoid theorizing at present on a subject which has not yet furnished me with a sufficiency of facts; but it can hardly be called theorizing to say (while silent as to the nature of the agency) that the principle of life itself—that principle which is antagonistic to disease—appears to be fortified by the mesmeric influence; and thus far we may account for mesmerism being no specific, but successful through the widest range of diseases that are not hereditary, and have not caused disorganization. No mistake about mesmerism is more prevalent than the supposition that it can avail only in nervous diseases. The numerous cases recorded of cure of rheumatism, dropsy, cancer, and the whole class of tumours,—cases as distinct, and almost as numerous as those of cure of paralysis, epilepsy, and other diseases of the brain and nerves, must make any inquirer cautious of limiting his anticipations and experiments by any theory of exclusive action on the nervous system. Whether mesmerism, and, indeed, any influence whatever, acts exclusively through the nervous system, is another question.

A few days after the arrival of this lady, Miss MARTINEAU was able to walk into the garden. After four years spent on a sofa, or in a bed, her sensations may be imagined.

I was somewhat haunted for a day or two by the stalks of the grass, which I had not seen growing for so long (for, well-supplied as I had been with flowers, rich and rare, I had seen no grass, except from my windows); but at the time, I was as self-possessed as any walker in the place. In a day or two, I walked round the garden, then down the lane, then to the haven, and so on, till now, in two months, five miles are no fatigue to me. At first, the evidences of the extent of the disease were so clear as to make me think that I had never before fully understood how ill I had been. They disappeared one by one; and now I feel nothing of them.

Her greatest struggle was the severance from opiates, and the mesmeric influence enabled her to endure this most fearful trial with comparative ease. This leads her to suppose that by the same agent the intemperate might regain a natural condition, without the awful bodily suffering that now attends the transition from a stimulated to a natural state.

It is worthy of note, that Miss MARTINEAU was never thrown into the sleep. But she relates some curious particulars of her sensations:—

The first very striking circumstance to me, a novice, though familiar enough to the practised, was the power of my mesmerist's volitions, without any co-operation on my part. One very warm morning in August, when every body else was oppressed with heat, I was shivering a little under the mesmeric influence of my maid,—the influence, in those days, causing the sensation of cold currents running through me, from head to foot. "This cold will not do for you, ma'am," said M.: "O!" said I, "it is fresh, and I do not mind it:" and immediately my mind went off to something else. In a few minutes I was surprised by a feeling as of warm water trickling through the channels of the late cold. In reply to my observation that I was warm now, M. said, "Yes, ma'am, that is what I am doing." By inquiry and observation it became clear to me that her influence was, generally speaking, composing, just in proportion to her power of willing that it should be so. When I afterwards saw, in the case I shall relate, how the volition of the mesmerist caused immediate waking from the deepest sleep, and a supposition that the same glass of water was now wine, now porter, &c. I became too much familiarized with the effect to be as much astonished as many of my readers will doubtless be.

Another striking incident occurred in one of the earliest of my walks. My mesmerist and I had reached a headland nearly half a mile from home, and were resting there, when she proposed to mesmerise me a little—partly to refresh me for our return, and partly to see whether any effect would be produced in a new place, and while a fresh breeze was blowing. She merely laid her hand on my forehead, and in a minute or two the usual appearances came, assuming a strange air of novelty from the scene in which I was. After the blurring of the outlines, which made all objects more dim than the dull grey day had already made them, the phosphoric lights appeared, glorifying every rock and headland, the horizon, and all the vessels in sight. One of the dirtiest and meanest of the steam tugs in the port was passing at the time, and it was all dressed in heavenly radiance—the last object that any imagination would select as an element of a vision. Then, and often before and since, did it occur to me that if I had been a pious and very ignorant Catholic, I could not have escaped the persuasion that I had seen heavenly visions. Every glorified

object before my open eyes would have been a revelation; and my mesmerist, with the white halo round her head, and the illuminated profile, would have been a saint or an angel.

Sometimes the induced darkening has been so great that I have seriously inquired whether the lamp was not out, when a few movements of the head convinced me that it was burning as brightly as ever. As the muscular power oozes away under the mesmeric influence, a strange inexplicable feeling ensues of the frame becoming transparent and ductile. My head has often appeared to be drawn out, to change its form, according to the traction of my mesmerist, and an indescribable and exceedingly agreeable sensation of transparency and lightness, through a part or the whole of the frame, has followed. Then begins the moaning, of which so much has been made, as an indication of pain. I have often moaned, and much oftener have been disposed to do so, when the sensations have been the most tranquil and agreeable. At such times, my mesmerist has struggled not to disturb me by a laugh, when I have murmured, with a serious tone, "Here are my hands, but they have no arms to them! O dear! what shall I do? here is none of me left!" the intellect and moral powers being all the while at their strongest. Between this condition and the mesmeric sleep there is a state, transient and rare, of which I have had experience, but of which I intend to give no account. A somnambule calls it a glimmering of the lights of somnambulism and clairvoyance. To me there appears nothing like glimmering in it. The ideas that I have snatched from it, and now retain, are, of all ideas which ever visited me, the most lucid and impressive. It may be well that they are incommunicable—partly from their nature and relations, and partly for their unfitness for translation into mere words. I will only say that the condition is one of no "nervous excitement," as far as experience and outward indications can be taken as a test. Such a state of repose, of calm translucent intellectuality, I had never conceived of; and no reaction followed, no excitement but that which is natural to every one who finds himself in possession of a great new idea.

After a brief but earnest answer to the anticipated objections of persons who will "try to account for the result by any means but those which are obvious, supposing a host of moral impossibilities rather than admit a plain new fact," Miss MARTINEAU promises a continuation of the narrative.

## TO READERS.

We have begun, in this number of THE CRITIC, to execute a plan which has engrossed our mind from the beginning of our task, viz. to present our readers with a *complete Repertory of the newest and most important works published abroad*. The task has never been undertaken before, and is not devoid of difficulties and labour. Its importance, however, we think will be felt by every one who takes an interest in the present tiding and onward moving of human affairs. It is not a matter of indifference, indeed, to the statesman, the lawyer, the medical man, the artist, the agriculturist, &c. &c. to be informed, at the earliest opportunity possible, of the appearance of works in the United States, in France, Germany, Italy, &c. which may bear immediately and most directly on his own studies and pursuits—the knowledge of whose existence may make him aware of a similar subject having been taken up and treated by others; by which knowledge he may be directed in his own studies and pursuits, and often be saved much trouble and time in re-doing that which has already been done by others. To librarians, collectors of books, amateurs of art, translators and publishers, this plan cannot but be fraught with advantages most strikingly palpable. We do not presume that the plan has been yet carried out in the pages of THE CRITIC to its greatest perfection; nay, we are convinced that it would have been impossible for any one to do so at once. We want the kind and considerate patronage of the thinking, candid, searching, and we will do the rest. We are not quite prepared to include *Colonial* books and the like in our list, though we consider, with Sir Robert Peel, "the Colonies integral constituent parts of the British empire." But we shall advance progressively. We intend also to add to our *Repertory* the department of *Music*, that of *Maps and Charts*, and, probably, a short notice of all great important sales of libraries, museums, collections of prints, coins, &c. as they take place abroad. But it will be better to dilate upon the extent of our plan in the present or past, than in the future, tense.



## LITERATURE.

## HISTORY.

*Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England.* By G. L. CRAIK. Vols. I. and II. (Knight's Weekly Volume.)

*Letter to the Editor of the Literary Gazette.* By G. L. CRAIK.

THE theory of compensation, which we love to dwell upon in judging of the comparative happiness of individuals in different positions of society, applies also with equal truth to the intellectual pleasures which belong more especially to different periods of a nation's history. Force and simplicity usually stamp the early literature of a nation. Strongly-marked character, developments of feelings in their natural and instinctive forms, not shackled or modified by the increasing complexity of circumstances—the lively and straightforward ballad—the implicitly-believed romance—the charm of superstitions based on the shadows of truths—and the imaginations of fairy-land—give way before the progress of inquiry, the civilizing spirit, and the dull uniformity of the surface of society, which are at once the cause and effect of such progress.

But among the countless makeweights to the loss of these sources of pleasure is that of the study of the progress of literature from its infancy to its present state. To track it to its origin—to search out the various external influences to which it has been exposed—to gauge their importance—to see the elastic strength with which its native character has resisted and overcome these influences—from it to “learn the very form and body of the times,”—are studies replete with interest and instruction. Every variety of knowledge may be laid under contribution in this pursuit; an intelligent inquirer will derive from it the most important aids to the study of the history and character of the nation. Some, however, dive into the recesses of this darksome path, with such pertinacity that their own enjoyment of the study increases in proportion to the minuteness and unimportance of their discoveries, while they seem to grudge any taste of its pleasures to those who are unwilling to devote their whole time to it. Such men pounce with eager delight upon an error in a syllable, or on the slightest mistake as to the obscurest persons, and chant a pœan of victory, as if they had then established that the subject was a strictly preserved manor, upon which none but a chosen few could enter. One of these minute philosophers has noticed the present work in a most uncandid spirit, in the columns of the *Literary Gazette*; but we shall not travel further out of our way to comment upon it, as Mr. CRAIK's letter, named at the head of this article, has rendered such a task quite unnecessary. From it we extract the following, and we think the anonymous reviewer must have winced under it:—

I have written, we are told, what “involves a very grave misapprehension” in speaking of the mediæval dialects derived from the Latin. “It was,” proceeds the learned critic, “a notion of M. Raynouard (which is not true to the length he carried it) that in the classic days of Rome there existed a dialect spoken by the common people differing from the written Latin, by possessing a number of inelegant forms of words (e. g. nouns ending in *mentum*, the origin of French words ending in *ment*), and by greater irregularity in its grammatical terminations; and that from this dialect of the people, and not from the pure written Latin, the neo-Latin dialects, or Romance languages, were derived. This popular dialect Raynouard called the *Lingua Romana Rustica*.” Indeed! This portentous passage, I much fear, must settle the pretensions of the self-complacent writer to be accounted an authority “in general principles” at least. No one who knows anything about the subject requires to be informed that the notion here described as the late M. Raynouard's is in direct opposition to his views, and that he has in fact done more than any

other person to refute it. It is (with the exception of the nonsense about the inelegant nouns in *mentum*) an old notion, first brought into much notice by Maffei, in his *Verona Illustrata*, published in the early part of the last century. But that the *Lingua Romana Rustica* is a term invented by M. Raynouard for this imaginary popular dialect of the classic days of Rome, and that I have been guilty of a grave misapprehension in “confounding it with the Romance tongues themselves”—this is ignorance so rich and rare as to be all but past believing, if it did not stare one in the face in black and white. To imagine that M. Raynouard, or any one else, could have called any dialect spoken in ancient Rome by such a name is the same sort of absurdity that it would be to suppose that there existed some popular dialect in the classic days of Greece which was called the *Romaic* tongue. The fancy is an utter impossibility. Well indeed may the reviewer, in ascribing such a theory to Raynouard, add in a quiet parenthesis, from the height of his own superior illumination, that it “is not true to the length he carried it.” It is scarcely necessary to say that I am chargeable with no misapprehension whatever, or confusion of one thing with another, in speaking of the *Lingua Romana Rustica* as the name of the Romance tongues. The misapprehension and confusion are all the reviewer's own.

The general history of literature, however, is daily attracting more votaries, and although we hardly expected to have seen it selected as a subject by the Weekly Volumes, we are glad that so useful a compendium has been put within the reach of all. Mr. CRAIK does not pretend to any great original research or discovery, but he has carefully examined the works of the best writers upon the subject, and presented a clear synopsis of the progress of literature and learning in England, and has informed his readers of the various publications by which a full knowledge of the subject can be gained. In no other work that we are acquainted with are there such complete catalogues of our early historians and poets; and of the publications of the different commentators and societies which illustrate them, or present them in a more accessible form.

These first two volumes carry the subject down to the period of Henry VIII.; SURRY and WYATT being the last names mentioned. Some portions have appeared before in the *Pictorial History of England*, that useful work for which we are indebted to the joint efforts of the author of this sketch and Mr. MACFARLANE. But the proportion of the old to the new matter is very small, as will be seen by the following result of comparison, which is, we believe, correct.

All the first book, after page 72—all the second, with the exception of about twenty pages at the beginning, and a few paragraphs here and there—all the third book, except a few passages contributed by Sir HENRY ELLIS to the *Pictorial History*, and in the fourth book, the part relating to HAWES, BARCLAY, and SKELTON, besides other passages, are additions.

We do not pretend to have verified every assertion, or every minute fact that is contained in such a wide field; but we are satisfied that the author has spared neither time or labour to make it generally correct.

Such a work does not admit of many extracts, but one nor two we can glean which will be interesting. His general statement of the origin of the English language may be read with advantage to counteract the false impressions which many have upon the subject:

## ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

As has been already stated, almost the only Saxon prose we have of a date subsequent to the Conquest is the concluding portion of the Saxon Chronicle, which extends to the end of the reign of Stephen. And we have nothing more in prose to which is given the name either of Saxon or English till we get to the middle of the fourteenth century. But was our modern English, after all, really in its origin the successor of the Anglo-Saxon, the mere new form into which the latter gradually passed or degenerated? If we may trust to the



genuineness of some of the earliest specimens that have just been referred to, a suspicion will arise that the English, as distinguished from the Saxon, is of earlier birth than is commonly supposed, that the one language is not the metamorphosis of the other, but only its daughter, and that, like mother and daughter in other cases, the two for a time existed together. The same thing seems to have taken place as in France and other continental countries when the Latin or proper Roman first became corrupted into the *Romana Rustica*; the former long continued to be the language of writing, and probably even of the educated classes in oral communication, while the latter was the popular speech, from which it gradually rose to be the dialect first of popular, then of all literature. So in this country there was probably in use a sort of English, or broken Saxon, even in the Saxon times; and the two forms of the language, the regular and the irregular, the learned and the vulgar, the old and the new, the mother and the daughter, seem to have maintained a rivalry for perhaps a century or two, till the rude vigour, the rough and ready character, of the one prevailed, in a time of much ignorance and general convulsion and change, over the refinement and comparative difficulty of the other. The completion of this revolution may be dated about the middle of the twelfth century; it is commonly stated that then the Anglo-Saxon passed away and the English took its place; and it is true that after that time we have no more Anglo-Saxon. But it can hardly be affirmed that we had no English long before.

The illustrations given of the prevalence of the French language from the eleventh to the middle of the fourteenth century are interesting, but we are inclined to think that it has been overrated by our author. Sufficient attention has not been paid to the very different situation of the higher classes in those days. It may easily be admitted that the language of literature was French, without the inference that it was generally established in the country as the national tongue. The connection of the nobility with our French provinces, and the scanty numbers of the educated may account for the former fact, but proves not the latter. And accordingly we find that the poetry intended for the people was not in French—such as the ballad about the battle of Lewes. It is not a little remarkable too that Edward I. endeavoured to rouse the national hatred to the French by at least one proclamation imputing to the King of France the intention of conquering the country, and abolishing the English language (*linguam Anglicanam*), an accusation which was often repeated by Edward III.

These facts tend to support the theory that the two languages were the champions of the two races—the Norman and the Anglo-Saxon, and the struggle between them was a mere form of the contest for liberty. THIERRY, however, and others have carried the theory much too far.

But this is too wide a subject to discuss at length. Mr. CRAIK has gone fully into the question of the versification of CHAUCER, and supports the conclusions of TYRREWHITT against the more recent arguments of Mr. PRICE and Mr. GUEST. We extract the following eulogy upon the father of English poetry, notwithstanding it appeared in a former work of Mr. CRAIK, with an account of the subject and the way in which he has treated it.

"The notion, probably, which most people have of Chaucer," to repeat a few words of what we have written elsewhere, "is merely that he was a remarkably good poet for his day; but that, both from his language having become obsolete, and from the advancement which we have since made in poetical taste and skill, he may now be considered as fairly dead and buried in a literary, as well as in a literal, sense. This, we suspect, is the common belief even of educated persons and of scholars who have not actually made acquaintance with Chaucer, but know him only by name or by sight;—by that antique-sounding dissyllable that seems to belong to another nation and tongue, as well as to another age; and by that strange costume of diction, grammar, and spelling, in which his thoughts

are clothed, fluttering about them, as it appears to do, like the rags upon a scarecrow.

"Now, instead of this, the poetry of Chaucer is really, in all essential respects, about the greenest and freshest in our language. We have some higher poetry than Chaucer's—poetry that has more of the character of a revelation, or a voice from another world: we have none in which there is either a more abounding or a more bounding spirit of life, a truer or fuller natural inspiration. He may be said to verify, in another sense, the remark of Bacon, that what we commonly call antiquity was really the youth of the world: his poetry seems to breathe of a time when humanity was younger and more joyous-hearted than it now is. Undoubtedly he had an advantage as to this matter, in having been the first great poet of his country. Occupying this position, he stands in some degree between each of his successors and nature. The sire of a nation's minstrelsy is of necessity, though it may be unconsciously, regarded by all who come after him as almost a portion of nature—as one whose utterances are not so much the echo of hers as in very deed her own living voice—carrying in them a spirit as original and divine as the music of her running brooks, or of her breezes among the leaves. And there is not wanting something of reason in this idolatry. It is he alone who has conversed with nature directly, and without an interpreter—who has looked upon the glory of her countenance unveiled, and received upon his heart the perfect image of what she is. Succeeding poets, by reason of his intervention, and that imitation of him into which, in a greater or less degree, they are of necessity drawn, see her only, as it were, wrapt in hazy and metamorphosing adornments, which human hands have woven for her, and are prevented from perfectly discerning the outline and the movements of her form by that encumbering investiture. They are the fallen race, who have been banished from the immediate presence of the divinity, and have been left only to conjecture from afar off the brightness of that majesty which sits throned to them behind impenetrable clouds; he is the First Man who has seen God walking in the garden, and communed with him face to face.

"But Chaucer is the Homer of his country, not only as having been the earliest of her poets (deserving to be so called), but also as being still one of her greatest. The names of Spenser, of Shakspeare, and of Milton are the only names in English poetry that can be placed on the same line with his.

"His poetry exhibits, in as remarkable a degree perhaps as any other in any language, an intermixture and combination of what are usually deemed the most opposite excellences. Great poet as he is, we might almost say of him that his genius has as much about it of the spirit of prose as of poetry, and that, if he had not sung so admirably as he has done of flowery meadows, and summer skies, and gorgeous ceremonials, and high or tender passions, and the other themes over which the imagination loves best to pour her vivifying light, he would have won to himself the renown of a Montaigne or a Swift by the originality and penetrating sagacity of his observations on ordinary life, his insight into motives and character, the richness and peculiarity of his humour, the sharp edge of his satire, and the propriety, flexibility, and exquisite expressiveness of his delicate yet natural diction. Even like the varied visible creation around us, his poetry too has its earth, its sea, and its sky, and all the 'sweet vicissitudes' of each. Here you have the clear-eyed observer of man as he is, catching 'the manners living as they rise,' and fixing them in pictures where not their minutest lineament is or ever can be lost: here he is the inspired dreamer, by whom earth and all its realities are forgotten, as his spirit soars and sings in the finer air and amid the diviner beauty of some far off world of its own. Now the riotous verse rings loud with the turbulence of human merriment and laughter, casting from it, as it dashes on its way, flash after flash of all the forms of wit and comedy; now it is the tranquillizing companionship of the sights and sounds of inanimate nature of which the poet's heart is full—the springing herbage, and the dew-drops on the leaf, and the rivulets glad beneath the morning ray and dancing to their own simple music. From mere narrative and playful humour up to the heights of imaginative and impassioned song, his genius has exercised itself in all styles of poetry, and won imperishable laurels in all."

In conclusion we can only say that this work will be very useful to all students of English literature, and



were a good index added, its value would be much enhanced. With this friendly suggestion we take our leave of it for the present.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*Reminiscences from my Life.* (*Denkwürdigkeiten aus Meinem Leben*) von (of) CAROLINE PICHLER. Vienna, 1844. THE remaining volumes of the PICHLER Memoirs, though embracing a less exciting period in public affairs, are, from their numerous references to distinguished characters, by no means inferior in interest to those we previously noticed. Towards the close, indeed, this attraction fails, for the author's advancing years confined her to her family circle, thereby excluding almost all external intercourse. We must not for an instant regard this work as an autobiography; no self-written memoir ever fell into our hands containing less of personal thoughts and feelings, or even less of the common incidents of life. M<sup>de</sup>. PICHLER's days seem to have been passed in matchless tranquillity, with but few of those troubles and turmoils which generally beset mankind. They were only disturbed by the loss of friends and relations, whom, in consequence of her good old age, she lived to see die away from before her; and hence she felt herself alone, and out of place among the many changes of sentiment, opinions, and customs, which she declares to have been peculiarly remarkable in the early part of the present century.

Unlike most writers, she dwells but little on her literary labours, and of the fifty volumes of poems, dramas, romances, &c. which in the course of her long life she gave to the world, but few are referred to, and those only in consequence of particular circumstances in connection with them, such as the appearance of her first historical novel.

Two or three operas were among her multitudinous productions, one of which on the subject of M<sup>de</sup>. COTTIN's romance, *Mathilde*, falling into the hands of BEETHOVEN, caused her an anxious hope that it might have been made use of by him: but it remained only hope. Some years later she heard, through C. M. VON WEBER, that it had been twice set to music, but by whom she does not name. Her drama, *Heinrich von Hohenstaufen*, performed for the benefit of those wounded at the battle of Leipsic, met with great success, which she modestly ascribes less to her merits than to the circumstances attending its appearance, the many situations in the play which, unintentionally on her part, recalled to her audience the troubled condition of their country, and to the excellence of its performers, among whom was Mademoiselle ADAMBERGER, well known for her beauty, her talents, and as the object of Kœrner's devoted love.

The return of the Emperor to Vienna, in 1814, and the rejoicings consequent upon the peace, offer nothing worthy of remark, except as being the occasion of her acquaintance with Madame WOLLZOGEN, the sister-in-law of SCHILLER, who at this time visited the FRAU VON HUMOLDT. With this latter, though long acquainted, CAROLINE PICHLER had never been very friendly, for what reason she does not state. On the arrival of Madame WOLLZOGEN in the capital, both ladies visited our heroine; of which she remarks—

It was never quite to my fancy to become acquainted with a celebrated authoress, I suppose because this class of women, particularly in North Germany, were quite distinct in character, being rarely what was then styled "female natures," and in all relations of domestic life, seemed to me almost out of place, in short, only too much verifying the ban cast by mankind upon female writers. It may strike many who read this, as rather strange, that one who writes herself should speak thus of her fellow-labourers in the field; yet this was my individual feeling, but that it did not extend to all on whom the Muses have bestowed their favours, is, I think, sufficiently proved by the fact, that Mesdames Von Schlegel, Von Weissen Thurm (author of many fine dramatic works), Fraulein Artner, and other gifted persons were, from the first moment of our acquaintance among my warmest and most esteemed friends, and remained such to me through life. Madame Wollzogen was, in my idea, a valuable exception to this class; she appeared to me noble and simple-hearted, well informed, and without the slightest pretension, and the remembrance of Kœrner, who by her and Madame Von Humboldt, had been known and duly appreciated, seemed a link to unite us more closely together. He had been much in the house of the latter, and at every mention of him her tears flowed

so fast that mine unresistingly joined, and from this time all discord between us appeared to have banished; we saw each other more frequently, and henceforth I had nothing to complain of in her.

Her next work was a tragedy on the subject of Frederick the Second, in which she followed her own somewhat Catholic impression of his character rather than that given him by most historians, whom, as having generally been Protestants, she considered as not unprejudiced judges. With this view she seized upon the respectful, but certainly not admiring, tone in which SCHILLER, in his thirty years' war, and likewise ARNDT have mentioned him, as sufficient authority for the lenient representation of a character, which had hitherto been regarded as one of the most bigoted and intolerant in history. This occupation was varied by the numerous festivities consequent upon the sitting of the Congress at Vienna, on which with excusable ardour she is somewhat diffuse; yet she speaks but little of the distinguished persons there assembled, and merely remarks the great superiority of appearance which her national pride discovered in the Austrian Emperor over ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA and the King of PRUSSIA. "The former had almost the air of a modern *élegant*, while FREDERICK WILLIAM possessed too much the stiff bearing of a military man."

These gaieties were succeeded by a sad event, the death of her mother in the winter of 1815, and while recovering from this shock, another, but of a less personal nature, aroused her mind, with that of others, to the contemplation of affairs beyond themselves.

One evening I was expecting company; several persons had already arrived when Count Stolberg entered the room with every evidence of vexation and anxiety on his countenance. He seated himself, but took little or no part in the conversation, and while the room was engaged in some lively discussion, he took occasion to whisper to me—"Have you heard the news? Napoleon has escaped from Elba, and the war is begun again!" \* \* \* \* \* Meanwhile the worst which we, and with us half Europe, had expected, did not take place. The hundred days began, passed away, the battle of Waterloo was fought, and all things returned once more to their former position, and the fearful meteor which had arisen above the horizon of Europe sank down in a solitary island in the distant ocean, there to expire without any further influence upon the affairs of the troubled world.

It was during these two years, 1814 and 1815, that WERNER was living in Vienna, in his lately assumed character of priest. Madame PICHLER naturally seized an opportunity of gratifying her curiosity concerning him, in this new manifestation of his extraordinary mind. The result was, as nearly as possible, what others had led her to anticipate.

Powerful thoughts, exalted sentiments, poetical language, strangely alternating with the most common-place and inappropriate remarks with the most ridiculous details. In one of his discourses he referred to the taking of Jerusalem by Titus—"the same Titus," he added, in explanation, "whom you see here represented in the opera." Once, on All Saints' Day, he compared heaven to a glorious garden, wherein the martyrs were roses, coloured by their holy blood; the virgins were lilies; the saintly hermits concealing themselves, resembled solitary violets; and the patriarchs represented the sun-flower, bending eagerly towards the coming sun, ere it has yet arisen. On another occasion he compared himself, not very modestly, to St. John standing among the Sadducees (men of the world). They had come, he said, to hear St. John, merely to *désennuyer* themselves and the Pharisees (meaning the clergy), in order to see how his new profession suited him. At such remarks, as when he observed of the holy Francis Xavier, that he was, in his time, the best dancer in Paris, I saw many persons, particularly young men, who could not refrain from laughing; indeed, I myself felt anything but edified by such observations. At the word "Sadducees," my companion said softly, "There is a hit at us." Once also I heard him mention St. Augustine with great emotion, and dwell long on the sorrow which he had caused to his mother by his wild and wasted youth. Werner painted this in glowing colours, and seemed deeply moved; then a stranger touched me on the shoulder, whispering, "That is his own story;" and this I afterwards found to be true.

The works of BYRON and SCOTT were now becoming known in Germany, and some slight attempts at translations from both proved to her

That there are, properly speaking, two kinds of English; or

rather, according to the tone of mind, and the character of an author, he will use either the Norman or the Saxon English. Scott makes use of Saxon, which, combined with his style of expressions, his temperament and feelings, more allied to the German, made his writings an easier subject for translation; and I often found entire passages in his works which might be rendered word for word into German, even with the use of the same rhyme, which is never the case with Byron.

In the autumn of this year (1815) expectation was excited by the fresh production of a hitherto unknown poet, GRILLPARZER, of whom, a few years previously, BYRON had prophetically remarked, "The world will soon learn to pronounce his somewhat uncommon name." A mutual friend brought him, with the poet OEHLenschLAGER, to the PICHLERS, at the time that the drama of the former, *Die Ahnfrau*, was being performed. She observes of them:—

Grillparzer could hardly be styled handsome; though the general impression, independently of his mental attractions, was such as, once seen, could not be forgotten. Oehlenschläger, like Goëthe, both in his poetical reputation and his external advantages, was gifted with every grace of form that man can desire, which, combined with his great talents and charms of conversation, rendered him a universal favourite. However, his habit of enjoying himself with the young people of a circle, caused him sometimes to be scornfully mentioned by the elder women, who rather expected his years (he was then past fifty) would have led him to expend in their society those treasures of genius which he took such evident pleasure in imparting to the young.

An affection of the eye, which, while it put an end to many of her occupations, did not interfere with her writing, caused her to devote herself to the composition of a romance *Franenwürde*, by some esteemed the best of her works. Her historical novels, like all others of the class, are liable to the objection that they only weaken history and destroy fiction, an observation from which many persons will not exclude even Scott's admirable series. It has also been said that no woman can write an historical novel; and perhaps from this reason CAROLINE PICHLER's domestic tales have been her best.

GRILLPARZER continued among the number of their friends, claiming their sympathy in the success of his labours, among which she mentions his *Sappho*, which, notwithstanding the author's prophetic dream, only added fresh laurels to his brow. But this pleasant state of intercourse did not last long. There are frequent references to the gloomy melancholy of his disposition, which was so increased by the death of his mother, whom he tenderly loved, that he shunned all society, and the PICHLERS saw nothing of him. We next meet with a name of still greater interest, THORWALDSEN, whose residence in Vienna, more than twenty years since, none will ever forget who then enjoyed the delight of his society, or could appreciate his genius. She describes him as precisely presenting the appearance of an ancient German, as painted by TACITUS, "with deep earnest blue eyes, which, while he spoke, looked into your very soul, and of the greatest simplicity of manner she ever witnessed in any artist."

In the spring of 1820, her silver wedding was celebrated in commemoration of the five-and-twenty years' happy marriage. The following autumn beheld the first performance of *Der Freischütz*, welcomed, as we all know, as the composer's master-piece. Shortly afterwards she became acquainted with WEBER. She thus describes him:—

Externally different from Thorwaldsen, of scarcely middle height, slightly and almost weakly built, with sharp features, a nose disproportionately large, and a lame foot, this was not the appearance calculated to make an advantageous impression; and yet it needed but a few moments, a brief interchange of words with this distinguished man, to recognise the truly exalted mind, the noble nature, if I may so express myself, of this genuine artist. Refinement, cultivation, and a generous soul, were evident in all he said or did; and notwithstanding the few opportunities I enjoyed of close intercourse with him, his remembrance can never be effaced from my memory. \* \* \* I heard him sometimes perform his own compositions on the piano; this he did with great skill, and of course with taste and judgment; but no comparison could be drawn between his playing and that of a Thalberg or Listz. As in Mozart and Beethoven, whom I had often heard, there was all the expression and deep feeling of a musician absorbed in his own ideas, but none of that miraculous execution, that marvellous power, which convert the piano into an instrument hitherto unknown to the listener, at the same time compelling him to acknowledge he never before believed it capable of such effects.

An illness of her husband shortly followed, for which baths were tried, and with much benefit; yet, during the anxiety consequent upon this, she produced several of her works—*Wahre Liebe*, *Das Kloster auf Capri*, and *Die Nebenbuhler in Baden*. About this time she met with MENDELSSOHN, now the first musician of Europe, in whom she found "great powers of performance, wonderful talent for composition, and an equally wonderful simplicity of manner." She gives a lengthened description of the beauty, charms, and talents of ADELHEID REINHOLD, the friend of Tieck, who wrote under the name of FRANZ BERTHOLDT, and a few words upon the unfortunate LOUISA BRACHMANN, whom, during her residence in Vienna, she knew well, and whose singular want of experience and common knowledge of the world rendered those intimately acquainted with her less astonished than grieved at her melancholy suicide. She mentions, too, her meeting with HELMINA VON CHEZY, with whom she had long corresponded, but never seen. She had formed another idea of her than was destined to be realized in the small and almost prematurely withered form, the restless and unquiet mind, which she then beheld.

Seeing the pleasure with which historical novels were received, Madame PICHLER commenced her first efforts of the kind with *The Siege of Vienna* (1683). This was translated into French by Madame de MONTOLIEU, who had some time before taken the liberty to render her *Agathocles* into that language, with the omission of every word not immediately connected with the mere fable; much, as one may imagine, to the annoyance and displeasure of its author. *The Siege of Vienna*, with its speedy successors, *Die Schweden in Prag*, and *Die Befreiung von Ofen*, met with a favourable reception, and still rank among the best fictions of the kind in Germany. The death of FREDERICK SCHLEGEL took place about this time; then followed the long and dreary effects of the cholera, "that fearful riddle," as GOETHE called it, on all which we need not dwell. Let us, however, refer to her impression of "that interesting stranger," as she calls Mrs. JAMESON, who came from Weimar to Vienna in the company of FRAU VON GOETHE, daughter-in-law of the poet, also a talented and celebrated woman. In the eyes of Madame PICHLER, our countrywoman was found most worthy of attention and regard, and, while together, they evidenced much sympathy of thought and feeling, on which the autobiographer bases some modest pride. She was also well acquainted with the poet and the tragedian RAYMUND, and comments at length upon the causes of his tragic end, saying she had often heard him declare that no one, with a probability before him of suffering hydrophobia, should be foolish enough to remain to encounter such a death. He was bitten in the hand by a dog, and hearing that it had afterwards been shot, his excited imagination brought on violent fever, in which he put an end to his life.

Her last romance was *Elizabeth von Gullenstein*, in which she gives full vent to her enthusiastic admiration of MARIA THERESA. It was but coldly received, in consequence, she thinks, of the total change of feeling and opinion which she had lived to witness. The close of her narrative is mournful enough, relating the gradual loss of her nearest and dearest friends, the death of her husband, and that of others. She devoted her last days to the compilation of these *Denkwürdigkeiten*, and of several minor poems. She died at the age of seventy-seven.

#### *Life of the Rev. Andrew Bell.*

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

AT first the natives suspected his motives, but they were soon convinced that only good was intended, and they flocked to him for instruction.

Fathers were not more desirous to obtain for their children the benefits of this asylum, than the mothers of those who were fatherless were at first averse to it. Most of these women, being Moors or Hindoos, were so ignorant of European customs, and so prepossessed with a notion that the religion of the English was as inhuman as their own, that when, by order of those to whose guardianship the boys had been left, they brought them to be admitted upon the foundation, they supposed the children were to be sacrificed to some unknown god, and went through all the ceremonies of mourning for them. Others fancied



that they were giving them up to slavery; and even the least unreasonable thought they were delivered over to hard task-masters. A short time sufficed for dispelling such suppositions; and when they understood what the object of the institution really was, they then employed every kind of opportunity to obtain admittance for them.

Dr. BELL's innovations were, of course, vigorously opposed by all the established authorities, and the schoolmaster went so far as to resign, protesting that the labour was too much for him. But the Doctor persevered, and carried his point, and the excellence of the system was soon acknowledged by all but those who would not be convinced.

For five years he continued to watch the working of plans and proposed improvements; but during the whole time he never lost sight of the first object of his life—money-making. He heaped up wealth by all sorts of contrivances until, his health failing, he resolved to return to Europe with the spoils of his successful career, which he did in 1796. And here ends the Laureat's portion of the memoir, and his son takes it up.

And here also the incapacity of the latter becomes instantly and painfully apparent. It is true, that the interest of the biography to the general reader ceases with the adventurous part of BELL's career; and we care little about his movements when living at home at ease, with a large fortune to supply his wants and wishes; but even this consideration will not excuse the lumbering heap of rubbish here collected, or the in-artistic manner in which it has been put together. We shall pass hastily over the remainder, though in measurement by far the most bulky portion of the biography.

BELL bought an estate in Scotland at a price that astonished his friends. In the year 1800 he married, and his property at that time is stated to have been no less than 25,935*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* accumulated during his short residence in India. Nevertheless, he made a claim upon the East-India Company for a pension, as a reward for his services, and actually obtained one of 200*l.* a year. His married life was not happy. Differences arose, the particulars of which are not explained, and a separation took place in 1806.

A tediously minute account is given of his labours in the introduction of his system into England. He was presented with the living of Swanage, in Dorset, and set up one of his schools there. Then arose the great quarrel between himself and LANCASTER, about the priority of discovery, the honour of which, however, is now satisfactorily proved to belong to BELL; with this were mingled the fierce rivalries between the Church and the Dissenters, in which the Doctor, though loath, was compelled to side with the Church, and to modify his schools to the teaching of Churchism. In 1809 he obtained the mastership of Sherburn Hospital, with about 1,200*l.* a year. In this office his pride and self-importance made him very unpopular, and he was even accused of appropriating to himself moneys which he ought to have expended in repairs.

Shortly afterwards, this lucky pluralist obtained a stall at Winchester, with more than 1,000*l.* a year. During all this time he was busy in the establishment of his schools, going about the country lionizing at public meetings, and receiving the homage of committees and the flatteries of speakers with ill-concealed delight. But age and its infirmities compelled, in 1826, his retirement from these agreeable toils. In 1830 he transferred the magnificent sum of 120,000*l.* Three per Cents. to trustees for the purpose of advancing his system, 60,000*l.* of it being expressly to be devoted to St. Andrew's. By a strange fatality, this gift was the source of great annoyance to him, for it involved him in a dispute with his own trustees, which would have led to a Chancery suit, but for his decease in the midst of the contest. He died on the 27th January, 1832, aged 79 years.

The single claim of Dr. BELL upon the regard of his fellow-men was, the invention of the system of education which is still preserved in the National Schools, and the consequent impulse which he gave to the cause of popular education in England, where previously it had been unknown. In all other respects, and especially in the private relations of life, he appears to have been of a very unamiable disposition. The Rev. Mr. BAMFORD, whom he singled out from one of his schools for his ability, and whom he made his private secretary and confidant, has given a most unpleasing picture of him. He describes him as extremely selfish and griping towards his dependants and not unwilling to dupe them for his own ends. Mr. BAMFORD says:—

"In his treatment of me he exercised that mixture of severity and apparent good-will, which, however at times unpleasant to my feelings, had so much influence over me that I adhered to him most exclusively; and, as he impressed upon me, looked upon all others who spoke kindly to me, or wished me to seek some relaxation, as insidious enemies. He professed to have no other object in view but my good; and by opening mysteriously to me the power of future patronage, with the necessity of implicit reliance, I was encouraged to expect a reward proportionate to any exertions I should make, however laborious or supererogatory. To him, therefore, I devoted myself. He found me docile, tractable, affectionate, and without guile or suspicion. He wished to train me up in that exclusive attachment to him and his pursuits which rendered me a useful and necessary instrument for his present purposes, and which would prepare me for any future operations. He therefore exacted of me the prostration of the intellect, the affections, and the actions. All were to be at his disposal."

\* \* \* \* By raising expectations without directly promising—by manifesting a parental care for my welfare, by professing sincere regard, by holding up inducements and future advancement, by candidly and honestly telling me my faults, by an air of the strictest justice, by enforcing unequivocal veracity, and every moral virtue, with a rigid industry—he bent and warped my mind to such a degree, that all my power, and thoughts, and sentiments, were employed exclusively to please him and fulfil his directions. I viewed nothing in the world but through the speculum he presented. Of himself he gave me a picture which I loved. He represented himself as delighted with truth—a lover of candour—the patron of merit; and he singled me out as his little Lake boy, his protégé, nay, as his son, whom he regarded and trained up as his own."

His vanity was as insatiable as his avarice. Mr. BAMFORD describes it thus:—

"The gratification which he derived from the display of a particular kind of knowledge, from the reception of praise and respect, the tribute due to his discovery and public reputation, encouraged and fed his restless vanity to such a degree, that his feelings, unless relieved by indulgence, would have made him intensely miserable. He had become so accustomed to bustle and change, and to new faces with new admiration, that he could never be happy for any length of time in one place. His fame, too, was spread, and a monument of renown erected, by the establishment of every school. The fervour of travelling, and the excitement of fresh company, were necessary to carry off that exuberance of passion which, if not thus spent, would, I think, even if he were alone and in solitude, have accumulated and overflowed in vehement and fiery fits. Food, too, was continually required to nourish those notions of his self-importance, which stationary friends, by too great intimacy, might neglect or refuse to gratify. Previously to his arrival in any town, he was, from his public character and his disinterested employment, regarded as highly as his own pretensions could desire; but a first or second visit most commonly lessened the respect or checked the ardour of those who had given their time and money towards the establishment of the schools, and who found themselves and their labours frequently depreciated, censured, and offended. Many anxious friends of schools, who had welcomed his coming in the hopes of being assisted and encouraged by the sanction of the discoverer of the system they were patronizing, became disgusted and disheartened; and have now either given up their interest in

schools altogether, or only attended in spite of the reflection that he, who should best know and judge impartially, could find nothing to commend in their exertions. I do not mean to say that he found fault where there was no reason; but his manner of examining schools, and addressing visitors and masters, was in general so opposite to the courteous and complacent behaviour by which great men become beloved, that many unkind feelings have been excited against him, which he might very easily not only have prevented, but in their place have established unalloyed admiration. Instead of delivering his instructions and making his remarks in a gentlemanly and conciliatory mode, so as to gain upon adult masters by his suavity, his personal behaviour was such that he was almost universally dreaded and disliked. His treatment of them in their schools, in the presence of their pupils, was frequently calculated to create any other sentiments than respect and attention. His conduct not only at the time alienated them from him, but it created a dislike which embittered and rendered heartless all their subsequent endeavours. It might be commonly true that there was ground for his observations; but his style of talking to them, and his remarks, with a kind of boundless rage and bluster, were in their estimation not only unkind and unnecessary, but vexatious and oppressive."

We must not close these tedious volumes, which we do with the pleasure with which we approach the end of a dull duty, without extracting a very curious account of

#### AN ODDITY AT SWANAGE.

Among those whom Dr. Bell first visited was Mr. Thomas Manwell, who lived close to the rectory, and who was one of the most extraordinary men in Swanage, having originally been a quarryman. On first entering his house, Dr. Bell was surprised at seeing a great number of books in the room, and on expressing his astonishment to Mrs. Manwell, was informed by her that "there were ten times the number up stairs," and that her husband had long been in the habit of spending all his spare money in the purchase of books, and all his leisure time in their perusal. This person was the son of George Manwell, quarryman, whose history, and that of some of his ancestors, is sufficiently interesting to claim some notice here. The following account is taken from a letter of George Manwell, jun. to his son Henry, March 2, 1814:—"I can trace the family no further back," he says, "than to my grandfather on that side, and but little more on my grandmother's. After London was burnt some years, and the city began to be rebuilt and flourishing, there was an uncommon call for Purbeck stone, and paving was sold at so high a price as 30s. per cwt. This, of course, attracted the notice of the neighbourhood round; and numbers of boys from different parishes, at the distance of twenty miles, were apprenticed here to the stone trade, and premiums given. This increased the inhabitants greatly, and other tradesmen were wanting. Our grandfather, Joseph Manwell, was then a young man, a carpenter by trade, and came to Swanage from the parish of Strickland, near Abbey Melton, and as there was no carpenter in Swanage, thought it a good opening for business. He then married our grandmother, Elizabeth Abbot, youngest daughter of farmer Abbot, of Worth. Our great-grandfather Abbot was very wealthy for that time. He gave all his children livings except grandmother, to whom, being about to marry a man intended for trade, he gave 100*l.* for her fortune. This was a capital sum in those times, for her father had then carried twenty-one bushels of wheat, great measure, from Worth to Pool, and sold it for 40*s.* Father was not one year old when his father Joseph died. The carpentering business dropped, and his widow was left with three young children. However, with the little property she had, and her own industry, she bred them without any assistance. Father, of course, under these circumstances, had scarcely any education, and at the age of eleven was put an apprentice to a quarryman, with a premium, by the Rev. Mr. Lewis, rector of Margate, who was, by the best information I can obtain, either uncle to grandmother, or cousin. \* \* \* Father was a man of uncommon strong memory, could easily have learned any thing, but no chance for improvement, and scarcely, or never, wrote his name, till after he was a man, when working in Portland about Westminster-bridge." The individual here mentioned, George Manwell, was the chief means of introducing music into Swanage as a science, little or no attention having been

previously paid to it. He first learned the art of singing by notes from a person who had come there for the purpose of giving lessons in music; and who, perceiving that Manwell was possessed of an excellent ear, gave him some gratuitous instruction. The knowledge he had thus acquired he was anxious to disseminate, and under his tuition his three sons soon made great progress; he also gave similar instructions to numbers of young men of the place, and a foundation was thus laid for that musical knowledge which has since been much cultivated in Swanage. Of Thomas Manwell, the eldest son, often called the Swanage philosopher, it is said that he never attended any school after he was eight years old, at which time he was taken by his father to the quarries, to learn the stone-cutting trade. He was of a delicate constitution, and his father perceiving this, and his great love for reading, kindly supplied him with a few books, and avoided putting him to the severer labours of the quarries. By the time he was fourteen years of age, he had instructed himself fully in the theory of navigation, and before he was seventeen he had constructed a sun-dial on one side of his father's house, and he afterwards made another for the church, which still remains. He continued to follow his trade as a stone-cutter, devoting all his leisure moments to study, until after the French Revolution, when, from the excellent character he bore, and from his scientific knowledge, he was appointed to the situation of midshipman under the lieutenant of the signal-post off Swanage, called Round Down, which appointment he held, except during the ten months' peace of Amiens, until after the battle of Waterloo, when the signal-posts were discontinued. The solitude of this place was well suited to his habits and feelings, and the leisure which the situation often afforded gave him an opportunity of following his favourite studies, which were now botany and astronomy, although he also paid much attention to mathematics, history, chemistry, and philosophy. On these subjects he not only studied but wrote, having compiled upwards of twenty volumes of different sizes, all closely written in imitation of printing. These chiefly consist of extracts from books on philosophy, history, science, and mathematics, interspersed with his own observations. \* \* He appears to have been a man of retiring habits, and of a very abstracted turn of mind, passing much of his time alone, and avoiding all intercourse with any but his own family and most intimate friends. Even when engaged in his stone-shed he rarely conversed with his fellow-workmen, having few subjects of common interest with them, and being unwilling to communicate his knowledge where it could not be understood or appreciated. This reserve and taciturnity, however, entirely disappeared when he met with men of congenial tastes and habits, and this was the case in a remarkable degree in his intercourse with his two brothers, who were also men of no ordinary powers of mind. They were in the habit of meeting occasionally at the house of one of the brothers, and here they used to spend hours in conversing on philosophy, astronomy, history, the arts and sciences, &c. &c. "Thomas," said an old lady, who was well acquainted with him, "was always talking about thunder and lightning, earthquakes, mountains, eclipses (which he calculated with great exactness), and numbers of other matters which we could not understand." Had Manwell received a liberal education, and had better opportunities of pursuing his studies, he would doubtless have distinguished himself in scientific pursuits; he does not, however, seem to have possessed much ambition, or indeed ever to have wished to quit his native place. Dr. Bell having been struck with the number and subjects of the books in Manwell's house, became desirous of seeing the owner, and subsequently had much intercourse with him, never failing to pay him a visit, or ask him to the rectory, whenever he came from his duties at the signal-post. On these occasions, they used to spend many hours in conversation on philosophical and scientific subjects; and Dr. Bell used often to say that Manwell possessed more actual knowledge on the theoretical, and, in many instances, on the practical parts of philosophy, than almost any man he ever knew.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Zoologist* for November. Balliere.

In the present state of knowledge with respect to Mesmerism, when its phenomena are undefined, its causes shrouded in

mystery, its *modus operandi* unknown, its power unmeasured, its influence doubtful, its physiology obscure, its philosophy unexplored; it would be foolish to attempt to reduce it to the regular form of a science. As yet, its authority rests upon a number of isolated facts, which must be vastly multiplied by careful and cautious observers before any man may construct a theory which shall deserve the attention of the thinking portion of the community.

Hitherto nothing more has been done than to lay the foundation for a future edifice. Multitudinous as are the facts, they cannot be said to have certainly *established* more than these two propositions:—First, That there can be produced, by artificial means, a peculiar state of semi-sleep or somnambulism: Secondly, That in this state the patient exhibits many remarkable phenomena. But what are the causes and conditions of this sleep, and what the precise character and extent of the phenomena it elicits, are questions that still demand investigation, and cannot be ascertained without a vast number of experiments, conducted systematically, and collected with care.

We repeat that the great fact of the existence in nature of the influence which we call mesmeric, nobody will doubt who has ever tried it himself, or seen it employed by others. Indeed, the cases are too numerous now to permit of that scepticism which we are wont to feel on the announcement of any new discovery that at all disturbs our ordinary notions. Doubtless our ancestors were as much startled by the assertion that the earth moves and not the sun, or our fathers by the fact that the blood is ever running a race through the body, *up hill* as well as *down*, as we have been by the assertion that the mind can be thrown into a sort of waking sleep in which the will is lost, and that in this state the body is insensible to pain. We can blame no person for refusing to believe such a fact without personal evidence, but the remembrance how imperfect is yet our knowledge of physiology and especially of the mysterious relationship of mind and body should make those pause who without seeing venture to abuse, and teach them not to ridicule those who having seen and heard put some faith in the evidence of their own senses.

The first duty, then, of all who really desire the advancement of truth should be to seek for, to investigate, and to record with accuracy, all the facts that come within their sphere bearing upon the subject, or which may serve to throw light upon any part of it. With this object in view we have from time to time recorded in the columns of THE CRITIC such curious instances as have fallen in our way, which we have personally investigated, and to the strict truth of which, so far as it could be arrived at by the aid of the senses, directed by a judgment accustomed to the business of investigating the truth of evidence in courts of law, we distinctly pledge ourselves. The facts we have before narrated, as well as those we are about to describe, were tried by the usual tests of truth, and undoubtedly we should not have hesitated to find a verdict of guilty against a man charged with a capital crime upon evidence much less satisfactory than that which substantiates the cases we have submitted to our readers, as well as that which we now proceed to lay before them, and which is more satisfactory than any other we have named, because it occurred with a near relative, was accidentally exhibited, where imposture was out of the question, and with this remarkable peculiarity, that the *patient has been enabled to give a detailed account of his feelings while under the mesmeric influence*, and has sufficient intelligence to narrate them succinctly. This being, we believe, the first published narrative by a patient of his sensations under the operation, the value of it cannot be over-estimated.

About a fortnight since five gentlemen met accidentally at the chambers of a friend, in Lincoln's-inn. Among them was the writer of this, and his brother, a young man, aged 22. The conversation turned upon mesmerism. One of the party narrated an incident of his having mesmerized a stranger in some company, when the youth, who had never seen a case, and had considerable doubt as to its truth, requested to be tried, intending to enjoy a laugh at the mesmerizer. The challenge was accepted, and he sat down. In about six minutes he was thrown into the mesmeric sleep. We then proceeded to try upon him the various experiments which we had seen to produce the most remarkable phenomena in others. The cataleptic condition was readily excited. Rigidity of the

muscles of the arms and legs was produced by a few passes, and they were relaxed simply by breathing upon them. A gold watch was placed upon the hand of the patient, which was immediately convulsed, and shrunk, as if from pain. Some keys placed upon the hand produced no other effect than to relax the rigid muscles, as the breath had done.

We next tried the phrenological developments. The effect was extraordinary. Without actual contact, by merely placing the finger over the organ, at the distance of an inch or more, the countenance changed from grave to gay, from mildness to sternness, from affection to pride, almost as rapidly as the notes of a piano answer to the touch of the keys. For instance, we placed the finger over mirth, and there was an instant smile; changed it to veneration, and the face wore the look of devotion; took his hand, and pointed to affection, and the hand was tightly pressed, drawn to his bosom, and his head moved as if to recline upon us; while this action was proceeding we moved the finger (still without touching his head and noiselessly) over self-esteem, and forthwith the hand was thrust away, the head thrown back, the lip curled, and *hauteur* was displayed upon the features. Again we changed to combativeness, and instantly the teeth were gnashed, the brow frowned, the fists were wrung, and the whole frame was agitated;—in the midst of the excitement we transferred the finger to benevolence, and then, on the moment the frown relaxed, the form was still, and the face wore the most amiable expression.

As it was the first time of trial, we were afraid to continue it longer, and awoke him by the usual treatment. He expressed himself to be refreshed and his spirits to be much lightened by what had taken place.

Since that evening it has been twice tried upon him, and with all the former results and a few additional ones. Of these latter were a very singular trial of the effect of music. The youth is not musical, but has a tendency to humour. We could not prevail upon him to sing. A lady who was present played a lively tune upon the pianoforte, the air to which are set the words of a comic song which *many years ago* he used to sing. Holding the finger over music, we asked him to sing it. He began to hum the tune; to excite the faculty still more we tried actual contact. Instantly, upon this, he began to beat the time actively, both with his head and foot. We raised the hand, and he ceased both to sing and to beat time. We were standing behind him during this experiment, and a mistake had led to this very curious result, for we had touched time instead of tune, and hence the unexpected motions.

So long as we kept the fingers over music, he continued to hum the air, ceasing immediately that it was removed, and renewing it when the finger returned. Though much pressed to sing the words, he protested that he had forgotten them quite. We silently passed one finger over language, keeping the other still over tune, and forthwith he sung the words of the long-forgotten song, stopping and forgetting, or recollecting and proceeding, as the fingers were removed or carried over the two organs of tune and language.

Nor was this all. In the midst of the comic song, we passed the finger over veneration. On the instant, in the middle of a word, he ceased to sing, and the face changed from its previously mirthful to a very grave expression. Again the fingers were returned to their former position, and the face lighted up, and the comic song was renewed; back again, and the song was broken off, and the aspect of profound veneration restored.

We then signed to the pianist to change the theme. She played a hymn; the hands of the patient were forthwith lifted in the attitude of prayer, and his legs drawn in as if in an effort to kneel. We asked him to sing it, he said he could not; it was the evening hymn; silently we placed the finger over music, and immediately he sung the air: over language, and he added the words; whilst he was doing this, we suddenly changed the finger to mirth, and then in the middle of a bar he dropped the hymn, and burst out into a laugh. And these phenomena were exhibited not once only but many times, and with invariable success, and were produced not alone by the writer of this, but by every person in a company of ten or twelve persons, of whom two or three only had ever seen a case before.

We next tried to affect him by transmission. One of the ladies present stood behind him as he lay in the mesmeric



sleep in the chair, and took his hands, and we placed the finger upon the same organs on her head. In two or three minutes the same results were produced as when we had directly influenced him, only somewhat more feebly.

The last remarkable experiment was that of transference of sensation. A gentleman put some cayenne pepper into his mouth, and took the hand of the patient. In about half a minute he began to smack his lips and move his tongue as one does who tastes something. We asked what was the matter. He said he had a nasty taste in his mouth, but he could not tell what it was. On another occasion, however, when the party in contact with him was eating sugar, he shewed the same signs of tasting, and said he had something sweet in his mouth.

Such are some of the more remarkable features of this very interesting case; interesting, not because there is much novelty in the phenomena exhibited, for they are of common occurrence, but because they were produced under circumstances which remove all probability of suspicion of collusion or imposture, and therefore the credibility of which is beyond question. And still more interesting because the patient is an intelligent young man, who has noted his own sensations with minute attention, and has communicated them to us, in the hope that the experience of a patient may serve to throw some light upon the obscurity which at present enshrouds the subject.

His description may perhaps be more graphic, if conveyed in very nearly his own words. He says:—

When I sat down, I intended to have had a laugh at you. For a little while I continued to laugh and joke; but I soon found myself getting very serious, and a singular sensation was creeping over me. E—'s fingers seemed to grow larger, then I felt my heart beating violently, then a burning pain in my forehead, then my eyelids fell, and I could not open them. My breath was very quick, but when E— moved his hands from my head down my body, I felt as if a glow of heat were spread all over me, and I grew delightfully calm and quiet. I could hear all that you said in the room, and I saw you, but not distinctly; you looked more like outlines of persons moving about. I had lost the power of lifting my eyelids, nor could I move my limbs when I wished to do so. I always felt a desire to resist you, and not to do what you wanted, but I was obliged to obey you, in spite of myself. I felt you raise my arms, and put them up, and I knew that they were stuck up in the air, but they seemed to be kept up by a power I could not overcome, as if they were supported by something below them. When any person breathed upon them, it felt as if a glow of heat passed to me through my clothes, and then I could feel my arm falling. I often wanted to talk to you, but I could not do so, unless you asked me questions, and then I was able to answer. I saw E— take the candle from the table, and go behind me, and take out his watch, and put it on my hand (his eyes were then fast closed), and immediately I felt a pain like a burn where the watch was placed, and I continued to feel it for many hours afterwards. When you placed your fingers over my head, I felt a burning heat on the spot, and then an irresistible propensity to laugh, although I wished not to do so; then suddenly, in the midst of my laugh, I felt the heat in another part of my head, and I was obliged to stop; when you played the hymn, such a sense of devotion came over me that I am sure, in another minute, I should have gone down upon my knees, and then all at once I was obliged to laugh. When the music was playing I suddenly recollected the words of the song, and then as suddenly I forgot them; I cannot tell why, except that the feelings and ideas came into my mind and went and came again without my will, and I was obliged to give expression to them even against my wish. When you asked me what I was tasting, I had a flavour in my mouth as if the air that came into it was flavoured. When H— was holding my hands over my shoulders, I felt the heat upon the head much as when your finger was placed over mine, but not so strongly, and then I had the same propensity to laugh or sing and so forth as before, but the heat now was always communicated to the head with a sort of crackling like an electric spark. When E— made passes at me from a distance, I felt a glow of hot air all over me, and then a sense of uneasiness, as if I must follow him in spite of myself. I could not talk to you until you first spoke to me. After I awoke I had a dim recollection of what had passed, but the next day I remembered every thing you had said and done. I felt no depression or sleepiness afterwards; on the contrary, my spirits were lighter, and altogether my health and strength seemed to be improved. (He was not out of health at the time.) One effect was especially remarkable. For some time my sight had been weak, and I had talked of wearing spectacles. On the morning after the first operation, when I

went out, I was surprised to find that my sight was clearer than it had been for many years. I could see objects across the street in the shop-windows which I had never distinguished before, and the improvement has continued to this moment.

This very interesting case we submit to our readers, with the single remark, that it has left no doubt upon the minds of all who beheld it, though among them were many who came to laugh; and we shall continue to record such cases as we can authenticate from personal investigation, satisfied that a careful collection of facts should now be the single object of all who wish to ascertain the truth and the character of Mesmerism. The time for theorizing will come when there is a vast body of such facts from which some general principles may be deduced.

In conclusion, we will only repeat, that the Society for the investigation of Mesmerism, long since suggested by THE CRITIC, is formed, and is about to commence inquiries. The rules will be found in our advertising columns. Persons desirous of joining this endeavour to institute a rigorous examination of Mesmerism and its phenomena, for the purpose of ascertaining what of them are true and what false—of making known the truth or detecting the falsehood, as the case may be,—are requested to join it.

*Essays on Partial Derangement of the Mind in supposed connexion with Religion.* By the late Dr. CHEYNE, Physician-General to the Forces in Ireland, &c. Dublin, 1843.

WE hail as a valuable addition to the already accumulated knowledge on this most important subject, the observations of one who long witnessed the passions and affections in unrestrained action; who long viewed the drama of life from behind the scenes, and attended to the manifestation of character in health and disease; who for some time had the superintendence of one hundred insane persons, and who, while suffering from lowness of spirits, aggravated by the wear and tear of a life of continued over-exertion, examined minutely the workings of his own mind.

Mental derangement may arise,

1st.—From a disordered condition of the organs of sense.

2ndly.—From a disorder of one or more of the intellectual faculties.

3rdly.—From a disorder of one or more of the affections, natural or moral.

While the mental faculties continue in their natural state the individual will retain his peculiar character; when the former become altered, a change of conduct must naturally result, and either impaired or uncontrolled activity of one or more of the faculties may lead to complete mental derangement. Thus from some one of the faculties being inordinately excited, or from some mental power, the property of which is to moderate the excited faculty, being depressed, we often find the sensualist becoming spiritualized, the proud, humble; and, on the other hand, the generous miserly, or the moral dissolute.

The mutual influence of the mental powers being still but little known, there is often great difficulty in discovering the faculty primitively disordered; and this it is which renders the treatment of insanity so difficult.

From what we have stated, our readers will perceive that we consider the mind as operating as though it were an aggregate of distinct faculties; or, in other words, that, in common with Dr. CHEYNE, we lean to the doctrines of phrenology. We think, to use Dr. C.'s words, that it receives support from the state of the mind in dreaming, and still more in somnambulism, where some faculties are active—as the imagination and memory—while others are inactive; from certain faculties being exhausted by study, while others remain ready for vigorous exercise; from the phenomena of monomania or insanity confined to one mental endowment, the mind in every other point being sane—so sane as to detect its own partial insanity; and from the successive development of the mental endowments, perceptions being perfect long before we are capable of reflection. (p. 50.)

But, to return from this digression, we stated that insanity may arise, first, from a disordered condition of the organs of sense. That species of insanity called *delirium tremens* is a familiar instance of mental derangement arising from this cause. These unhappy maniacs affirm that they see and hear fairies, elves, devils, &c.; and we find them examining the whole house in search of the objects of their terror.

The ear also is very liable to be deluded. A person often fancies he hears the ringing of bells, the clamours of a crowd; or, on the other hand, words, even when distinctly heard, convey no meaning; and thus audible language ceases to be intelligible. When two or more of the senses become, at the same time, instruments of delusion, it requires no small force of reason to resist the deceptions which are thus practised on the mind; and it is no uncommon occurrence for those thus deluded by their senses to fall into a persuasion that they are under demoniacal influence; and nothing probably so much weakened the influence of LUTHER as his accounts of his conflicts with the devil. Such like cases, which are very numerous, can, however, readily be explained on natural principles, are generally dependant on a disordered state of the digestion acting on the nervous system, and yield to a mild course of mercurials, alkaline bitters, country air, &c.

We further stated that insanity may arise from a disorder of one or more of the intellectual faculties. All know that by injuries of the head, &c. memory may, for a time, or even altogether, be impaired.

Imagination, also, more particularly in hereditary insanity, is very liable to be disturbed, and we have no doubt that various immoral and vicious practices in such families ought to be ascribed to this source. When more children than one in a well-educated family burst through the restraints of carefully-instilled principles and engage in swindling transactions, we often find that insanity has previously broken out in that family. In such, and all other instances of monomania, one object engrosses the mind, leads to undue excitement of that organ, and that to irregular and absurd efforts to obtain the desired object. Detach the mind of the lunatic from this point, and he will conduct himself so as to induce the inexperienced auditor to exclaim—"This is not folly, but wisdom;" and thus, instructed by an artful lawyer, monomaniacs often deceive a jury.

It is interesting to trace the disorder of a faculty, beginning with the slightest deviation from its natural state, and proceeding to the extremity of its derangement. Many have what is called "the lust of finishing;" others cannot drink without counting their mouthfuls; others have a most ridiculous passion for order; all of which, step by step, lead at least to the confines of insanity. Such failings generally run in families; and many of our readers will recollect how frequently Dr. JOHNSON was under such influences; while any one examining an asylum for the insane must be struck with the development of the like propensities.

We thirdly stated that insanity might arise from a disorder of one or more of the affections, natural or moral. Of the operation of this cause we have daily abundant proof. The frequent results of romantic love—the impatient desire for children—RACHEL'S murmur of discontent, "Give me children or else I die!"—the contrary want of parental affection, nay, that usurping hatred irresistibly leading to child murder, and the extinction of affection for wife, parent, friend, or superior, must all be attributed to partial insanity dependent on disorder of the natural and moral affections.

Further, the cupidity of misers and collectors—in the man of taste, evinced in aggregating books, statues, and pictures—in the man void of taste but abounding with vanity, in hoarding up incongruous curiosities, valuable only for their rarity—becomes not merely the ruling passion, but gains such an ascendancy that, mastering all other desires which might have proved correctives to it, the mind is left in a state of derangement which is generally incurable.

Such being a slight sketch of the three exciting causes of insanity laid down very correctly by Dr. CHEYNE, we now approach our author's favourite portion of the work—the answer to the proposition—what connection has insanity with religion? It is not our intention, however, to enter on this argument, the proofs for or against which it would be necessary *verbatim* to transcribe; but we would strongly recommend all interested in the question to read the seven concluding essays of Dr. CHEYNE'S most interesting work. Our own opinion coincides with his—that mental derangement may originate in superstition or fanaticism, by either of which, behind a visor of religious zeal, all sobriety of mind is invaded, to the interruption of social and domestic duties; but that true religion, the knowledge of and trust in Jesus, which removes doubts and distractions, explains our duties and reconciles us to them,

teaching us that all things work together for good to them that love God, and thus not only guiding but supporting us as we toil through the weary maze of life, and which in every pursuit demands moderation and method, and calms every rising storm of the passions—that *this religion should be productive of insanity we never can allow.*

An interesting biography of its talented author accompanies these essays, which our limits, already exceeded, will only allow us earnestly to recommend to the careful perusal of every young physician.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

### *An Aide-de-Camp's Recollections of China.*

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

A NEW sort of traffic was exhibited at Hong-Kong. It was

#### A WIFE-MARKET.

The harbour at Hong-Kong was generally very crowded with Chinese native craft. The gayest and most highly decorated boats which arrived at our port were those which brought from Canton a mercantile commodity very commonly trafficked in by the Chinese. These were young ladies, who were bent upon the speculation of marriage; being brought from the exuberant population of the interior towns to supply this deficiency among the numerous settlers who had come from the continent to our new colony, so many of every trade and occupation having already flocked in vast numbers to the island.

One picture of the horrors of warfare, and we pass to more pleasing scenes.

#### TONG-CHOW AFTER THE SIEGE.

Tartar and Chinese soldiers were lying dead in all directions—women, either poisoned or with their throats cut by the hands of their own husbands and fathers, and children, by that of their own mothers; while many a poor little infant lay helpless upon the ground, deserted by its unnatural parent, who, from fear of the dreaded barbarians, had terminated her own existence, either by hanging herself in her own house, or drowning herself in one of the small wells in the court-yard of her once happy home. Indeed, to such an incredible extent did this horrid system arrive, that I was assured by an individual upon whose word I could implicitly rely, that in one house alone he had counted no less than sixteen women and children, some dead from the effects of poison, but the majority with their throats cut from ear to ear. It would be superfluous to say that I thanked God I had not seen this last sight, so complete or extensive a tragedy not having fallen under my own observation. It is difficult to state the precise reason for this wholesale murder; the only way in which I could account for it was that the mandarins had taken care to impress upon the people the most outrageous and absurd ideas of the monstrosity and savageness of all our actions, declaring in proclamations, which they had caused to be freely distributed through the town, that no crimes were too black, no cruelties too great, for us to perpetrate; thus hoping to terrify the people, in which they but too well succeeded, and make them to resist us to the last extremity, trying to make them believe that they had nothing to hope for, upon the capture of the town, but the most cruel of deaths. Many of the soldiers fought with the most determined bravery, hand to hand conflicts being very common; indeed, had it not been for the watchfulness of a marine, the admiral would, in all probability, have met his death from a Tartar, who, utterly regardless of himself, had approached close to his excellency, and was only bayoneted when in the act of discharging his matchlock. Every means had been used to stimulate their courage; large bribes of money had been given them, and silver medals, according to Chinese custom, had been distributed before the action to the soldiers, rather to stimulate their courage than as a reward and distinction after it should have been completed.

At the capture of this town, the Tartar commander-in-chief, Haeling, was the first to set the example of self-destruction; for upon his discovering that the loss of the post which had been confided to his charge by the supreme authority was

unavoidable, and well knowing that no excuse whatever would shield him from the wrath of his paternal Emperor! he retired into the interior of his house, quietly seated himself in his magisterial chair, and, with the building, became a prey to the flames, having in the first instance carefully set fire to it with his own hands. The Emperor eventually gave to this noble officer full credit for his magnanimous conduct, issuing an edict upon the occasion, in the following terms:—

"GENERAL HÆLING.—It having been fully ascertained, to the entire satisfaction of the imperial mind, that the Tartar General Hæling voluntarily sacrificed his life on account of the loss of the city of Chin-keang-foo, the Emperor, in a late Gazette, issues detailed directions for the highest honours to be paid to his memory, and munificent favours to be shewn towards his wife and all his relations. A splendid temple, in commemoration of his virtues and his unexampled bravery, is to be forthwith erected at Chin-keang-foo, and a tablet, with his name inscribed by the Emperor's own hand, is to be suspended in the hall of the principal temple of Peking."

The Captain considers it a proof of the high state of civilization in China, that "the military profession, so far from being considered the most honourable, is, with the exception of their priesthood, considered the lowest; the first place being given to men of letters; the second to merchants; and the last to the paid military defenders of their country."

When a great man in China discovers that he has offended the Government and that his life must be the forfeit, he deliberately proceeds to commit suicide in the following formal manner:—

#### SELF-DESTRUCTION IN CHINA.

For instance, any one in the government employ having run the chance of incurring the censure of the first authority, or Emperor (who is there styled by the appellation of the Siagoon), whether deservedly or not, or any individual who, by misfortune or bad management, has become deeply involved in his affairs, will gather together by invitation his friends and acquaintances, giving them, as far as his means can allow, an entertainment, which, in the case of wealthy government employes, is extremely magnificent; towards its conclusion he will take an impressive farewell of them, and in their presence dispose of all his goods, &c. according to his wishes, as though he was about to travel to some distant land; which, in truth, in one sense, he is about too surely to do. He will then quietly seat himself, and with one of the two swords which in the higher grades of life they invariably carry (amongst whom this honourable custom is much in vogue), he rips his bowels open in the face of the whole company, who so far from dissuading him from the action either by entreaty or force, most highly applaud him; and so far from becoming an object of pity to them, he is the envy of those who either are witnesses of the action or to whom it is related.

His account of Manilla is extremely interesting, and here, with good judgment, he indulges in more minute description. We recommend every line of this portion of the work to attentive perusal. The inhabitants excel in the manufacture of a very fine cloth from the fibre of the pine.

#### MANILLA CLOTH.

We were unprepared to meet among these rude people a fabric which as much surpasses in its texture the finest French cambric as the latter does the commonest piece of Manchester cotton-cloth. This latter is called *piná*, pronounced *pinia*, being made from the finest fibres of the pine, beaten out, combed, and wove with a delicacy that it is impossible to rival, possessing at the same time an incredible durability. Its colour is white, slightly tinged with blue. Many months prior to our arrival, the Great Parsee merchant of Bombay, who had lately been honoured by knighthood, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, had directed an entire dress to be sent home, in order that he might present her Britannic Majesty with something that might be considered worthy the acceptance of his Queen. We were fortunate enough to see it, just prior to its departure. The order had been for one large dress, and two or three small ones for the Prince and Princess, with an injunction from the munificent donor, that three thou-

sand dollars' worth of labour should be expended upon it. I was assured by the merchant who undertook to execute it, that between thirty and forty women were employed for nine months, working the entire day upon the tambour; and from the specimen we then saw, as also from having minutely watched their subsequent labour, I am not inclined the least to doubt the truth of what he told me, however exaggerated it may appear. Moreover, to insure the due attendance of the fair dancellas of the needle, it had been customary to incarcerate a considerable portion of them every evening in a species of honourable confinement, being unable to trust to the promises of their returning to such severe labour in the morning. It may not, however, be improbable but that some of my readers have been, ere this, gratified with a sight of the dress itself; in which case, they may have the satisfaction of knowing that they have seen the handsomest as well as the most expensive ever worked in Manilla, perhaps in the world. The handkerchiefs cost sixty dollars each, a curious circumstance, where in this cheap country, a whole family can live well for three or four dollars a month.

He considers the Philippines as of great commercial importance, and hints that it would be wise for Great Britain to affix them to her dominions. A few passages from his descriptions of the country and the people will enable the reader to judge the propriety of such an addition to our huge colonial empire.

#### MANILLA.

A standing army of 8,000 men is constantly kept up, and they have five excellent bands of music, which play alternately almost every evening, on one or other of the plazas or alamedas, where there is generally a very numerous attendance of ladies, both on foot and in carriages, the number of vehicles frequently exceeding 250, chosen from amongst the troops. The bandsmen are all Indians, who, naturally fond of music, are very susceptible of instruction, and having the benefit of French and Spanish masters, arrive at an astonishing degree of perfection, and are by no means inferior to the best Europeans.

We had scarce been in Manilla two days when we were all invited to partake of an entertainment at the palace, which not only did great credit to the captain-general's household arrangements, but evinced a spirit of cordiality which we were very glad to find existed towards our nation. In honour of our flag, at the close of the evening a large bowl of punch was introduced, and great astonishment was shewn at the difficulty they had in making us partake of it, fancying that it was the beverage we daily drank. Various healths were proposed, which we felt ourselves bound to respond to. Thus the entire bowl soon vanished, not, however, before one *etat-major* and two captains, each with his tumbler, measured their lengths upon the slippery floor, whilst in the act of doing justice to the health of Maria Seconda.

Three or four o'clock is generally the hour of dinner, which is far the most preferable, in my opinion, in this climate. Every person rises immediately it is off the table, and shortly before sunset carriages are in attendance, which proceed to the *calsada*, a fine broad road, leading nearly round the fortified town. On each side are a line of trees, which add very much to its beauty. Here may be seen every evening all the beauty, wealth, and fashion of Manilla congregated together, numbering generally from 150 to 250 carriages. Some few horsemen flit from one to the other, and remain longer or less time, according to the reception they meet with, either from the fair *senoritas* or from the *ladies*, and which, in the latter case, as in most civilized countries, is generally measured out according to the fortune which the youth either possesses or is heir to. The fashion, however, is decidedly in favour of the carriage rather than the horse. The most part do not retire until it has become so dark that the twinklings of their beautiful and piercing eyes can scarce be distinguished from those of the Indian *cochero* himself; some, indeed, still prolong their drive considerably later. A custom, singular to a stranger, but which appeared to me very pleasing, was that, at the first tinkle of the vesper bell, every carriage instantly halts, and many a pretty eye may then be seen raised in devotion to that Deity who has guided their fair forms safe through the intricate paths they have trod that day. All is as still as death;



the pretty little hand quickly employed in devoutly signing the cross upon the breast and face, at the same moment repeating the following brief sentence:—"Por el Señor de la Santa Cruz de nuestro enemigo libra nos Señor Dios nuestro. En el nombre del Padre, y del Hijo, y del Espíritu Santo. Jesús. Amen." At the last word the back of the thumb is placed to the mouth, and devoutly kissed; after which, the slightly disordered mantilla is replaced, the fan is opened once or twice, and as quickly shut, the coaches proceed, and the business of pleasure is discussed as freely as before. Opera there is none; neither is there any corrida de toros, nor bull-ring, the absence of which latter, so far, speaks well for the humanity of the people. Each village, however small, contains a cockpit, and each peasant, however poor, possesses a fighting-cock, which on no account will he ever stir without. Thus almost every third person that you meet in the street has a fine bird under his arm, and in each canoe may always be seen one or more. Attached to their leg is a piece of cord with a peg, which, as occasion requires—either work, devotion, or pleasure—they drive into the ground; thus, occasionally many may be seen at a time, ready to tear each other to pieces, either outside a wine-shop or a church.

And with this we close reluctantly a publication from which extracts might be made that would agreeably fill an entire number of THE CRITIC. We hope, at some future time, to travel with the gallant Captain over some other part of the globe, though we trust he will go thither with sheathed sword.

#### FICTION.

*The Settlers in Canada.* Written for Young People. By Captain MARRYAT. In Two vols. London, 1844. Longman & Co.

THE purpose of these volumes is to exhibit, in the form of a fiction, a picture of Life in the Wilds of Canada, and to teach intending settlers what difficulties and dangers they will have to encounter, what knowledge they will need, what pleasures they may anticipate, and what sort of advantages they may hope to find in emigration. And such a design cannot be too highly commended. How few of the multitudes, who yearly quit the British shores to seek in the broad lands of the colonies a field for the enterprise which the competition of a crowded population denies them at home, start upon their brave and honourable but laborious task with any thing like an accurate conception of the sort of troubles they will have to endure, and the kind of advantages they are to anticipate from their toils. Families who, in England, have occupied a respectable position in society, who have been accustomed to all the comforts and luxuries of their station, and that exemption from personal drudgery which is the lot of such in this land of an old civilization, embark for Canada, wander into its wildernesses, clear a nook in its forests, boast the ownership of an estate, reap from it in abundance all the necessities of life, and not a few of its conveniences, but none of its luxuries, and then they complain bitterly of disappointment, and mayhap return to warn their friends and neighbours by no means to go to Canada. They had fallen into the grievous error of expecting to enjoy in the wilds the society of their native village, and the million articles for use and pleasure which, in England, come to our hands whenever wanted, and which, because so common, we scarcely believe to be the production of human labour set in motion by the huge capital of an old-established community. When the emigrant family finds itself thrown upon its personal exertions for the most trivial articles of food, clothing, and household accommodations, the sons who never handled a spade compelled to follow the plough, the daughters who had never condescended to make a pudding or a bed obliged to tend the pigs, milk the cows, churn the cheese, and do the work of their scullion wench in England, it is not

wonderful that they should endure the most terrible disappointment, and attribute to the country of their choice the vexations which they have only brought with them from the country of their birth. On the other hand, they do not enough estimate the value of that which they have obtained in exchange—the certainty of an honourable and independent livelihood; a world before them where to choose; room enough for all to live and thrive; a family no longer a burden, but a blessing; no more the source of anxiety and poverty, but a present pleasure, a joyful hope, and the certain occasion of wealth. Add to these the calling forth of all the energies of mind and body, and the cheerfulness and health thence flowing, and it will be admitted that if they will but first rightly count the sacrifices they must make, and prepare to meet the change, they who cannot live without difficulty in England, or who there know not how to provide for families, could not pursue a more prudent course than to emigrate to Canada, where they will be enabled to do both, and industry will be sure of its rich reward—counting riches by their measure in a new country, and not by the estimate of them in an old one.

It is to teach the emigrant precisely what he is to expect, both of good and evil, and of reward and difficulty, that Captain MARRYAT has published these volumes, and they ought to be carefully read by every person who has any design, present or remote, of going forth into the backwoods. The Captain states in his title-page that it is written for young people; but it may with at least equal pleasure and profit be perused by those of mature years. The story is very simple, it being intended rather as a convenient and attractive mode of teaching facts than to absorb attention by its plot. Mr. CAMPBELL was a surgeon, in good practice. He married, and had a family. Shortly afterwards his widowed sister died, and left to his charge two orphan and penniless girls. Suddenly he comes into possession of a large estate, which he had inherited in default of the appearance of the heir, who was supposed to have perished at sea, not having been heard of for twenty-five years. After a lapse of ten years, during which he had made an excellent use of the fortune he had believed to be his own, the real heir appears. In this reverse they resolve to emigrate; and, selecting Canada, they proceed thither in a party, comprising Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, their sons,—Henry, aged about twenty, an inactive youth; Alfred, a sailor, full of energy and spirit; Percival, a quiet clever lad aged twelve; John, a boy of ten, a sturdy, JOHN BULL sort of fellow, not very fond of learning,—and the two orphans, to wit, Mary, "an amiable, reflective girl, quiet without being sad, not often indulging in conversation," and Emma, who was but fifteen, "naturally gay, and inclined to find amusement in every thing—cheerful as the lark, and singing from morning till night."

Such was the family that went into the backwoods of Canada to find a new home in the year 1794. The narrative of their adventures there, how they conquered the difficulties of the country, and the season, and their agricultural, and sporting, and domestic occupations, their pleasures abroad and at home, their perils, their escapes, the visits of the wild Indian, the capture and retaking of some of the party, the introduction of one Captain Sinclair, who does the lover part of the plot, and who wins the fair by fighting for her, and the happy ending in fortune and marriage, we will not narrate, because we could not do justice to the variety of scenes introduced, and we should mar the reader's pleasure by imperfect telling. But when it is remembered that the narrator is Captain MARRYAT, who can tell a story better than any man of his day, and who is thoroughly acquainted with the locality and the manners he describes, the reader will estimate the treat that is in store for him. He will not meet with so much fun as in *Peter Simple*,

but the subject is a serious one, and the Captain's taste is too good to turn every thing into farce. He can be grave when occasion calls for it, and he is graphic always. We select a few passages, that will exhibit him in these, his more earnest moods, because they will have more novelty for our readers:—

## BEE CATCHING.

"Pray tell us how you take the honey, Malachi."

"Why, Ma'am, the bees always live in the hollows of the old trees, and it's very difficult in a forest to find them out, for the hole which they enter by is very small and very high up sometimes; however, when we get a lead, we generally manage it."

"Tell us what you mean, Malachi."

"We catch the bees as they settle upon the flowers to obtain honey, and then we let them go again. The bee, as soon as it is allowed to escape, flies straight towards its hive; we watch it till we can no longer see it, and walk in that direction and catch another, and so we go on till we see them settle upon a tree, and then we know that the hive and honey must be in that tree, so we cut it down."

"How very clever," said Percival.

"It requires a sharp eye though," said Martin, "to watch the bee far; some of the trappers catch the bees and give them sugar mixed with whisky. This makes the bee tipsy, and he cannot fly so fast, and then they discover the hive much sooner, as they can run almost as fast as the bee flies."

## A BEAR HUNT.

"Well, I wasn't ever hugged; but once I was much closer to one than ever I wished to be again."

"Oh! when was that? Do, pray, tell us," said Emma.

"It was when I was young, that one day I sounded a tree in the forest with my axe, and I was certain that a bear was in it; but the animal did not shew itself, so I climbed up the tree to examine the hole at the top, and see if the bear was at home; as if so, I was determined to have him out. Well, Miss, I was on the top of the hollow trunk, and was just putting my head down into the hole, when, all of a sudden, the edge of the tree which I kneeled upon gave way, like so much tinder, and down I went into the hollow; luckily for me I did not go down head foremost, or there I should have remained till this time, for the hole in the middle of the tree, as I found, was too narrow for me to have turned in, and there I must have stuck. As it was, I went down with the dust, and crumbles smothering me almost, till I came right on the top of the bear, who lay at the bottom; and I fell with such force, that I doubled his head down, so that he could not lay hold of me with his teeth, which would not have been pleasant; indeed, the bear was quite as much, if not more, astonished than myself, and there he lay beneath me very quiet till I could recover a little. Then I thought of getting out, as you may suppose, fast enough, and the hollow of the tree, providentially, was not so wide but that I could work up again with my back to one side and my knees to the other. By this means I gradually got up again to the hole that I fell in at, and perched myself across the timber to fetch my breath. I had not been there more than a quarter of a minute, and I intended to have remained much longer, when I perceived all of a sudden the bear's head within a foot of me; he had climbed up after me, and I saw that he was very angry, so in a moment I threw myself off my perch, and down I went to the ground at the foot of the tree, a matter of near twenty feet, even faster than I went down inside of it. I was severely shaken with the fall, but no bones were broken; in fact, I was more frightened than hurt; I lay quite still for a little while, when the growl of the bear put me in mind of him; I jumped on my legs, and found that he was coming down the tree after me, and was within six feet of the ground. There was no time to lose; I caught up my rifle and had just time to put it to his ear and settle him, as he was placing his fore-foot on the ground."

"What a narrow escape!"

"Well, perhaps it was; but there's no saying, Miss, which beats till the fight is over."

## CANADIAN PROSPERITY.

Mr. Campbell acceded to the offer made by the Commandant of the fort, and purchased of him, at a moderate price,

eighteen oxen, which were all that remained of the stock at the fort, except the cows. He also took six weaning calves to bring up. The cattle were now turned into the bush to feed, that they might obtain some after-grass from that portion of the prairie on which they had been feeding. The summer passed quickly away, for they all had plenty of employment. They fished every day in the lake, and salted down what they did not eat, for winter provision. Martin now was a great part of his time in the woods, looking after the cattle, and Malachi occasionally accompanied him, but was oftener out hunting with John, and always returned with game.

They brought in a good many bear skins, and sometimes the flesh, which, although approved of by Malachi and Martin, was not much admired by the rest. As soon as the after grass had been gathered in, there was not so much to do. Henry and Mr. Campbell, with Percival, were quite sufficient to look after the stock, and as the leaves began to change, the cattle were driven in from the woods, and pastured on the prairie. Every thing went on in order; one day was the counterpart of another. Alfred and Henry thrashed out the corn, in the shed, or rather open barn, which had been put up by the soldiers in the sheep-fold, and piled up the straw for winter fodder for the cattle. The oats and wheat were taken into the store-house. Martin's wife could now understand English, and spoke it a little. She was very useful, assisting Mrs. Campbell and her nieces in the house, and attending the stock. They had brought up a great number of chickens, and had disposed of a great many to the Colonel and officers of the fort. Their pigs also had multiplied exceedingly, and many had been put up to fatten, ready to be killed and salted down. The time for that occupation was now come, and they were very busy curing their meat; they had also put up a small shed for smoking their bacon and hams. Already they were surrounded with comfort and plenty, and felt grateful to heaven that they had been so favoured.

## DEER STALKING IN CANADA.

The party had proceeded many miles before they arrived at the spot where Malachi thought that they would fall in with some venison, which was the principal game that they sought. It was not till near ten o'clock in the morning that they stood on the ground which had been selected for the sport. It was an open part of the forest, and the snow lay in large drifts, but here and there on the hill sides the grass was nearly bare, and the deer were able, by scraping with their feet, to obtain some food. They were all pretty well close together when they arrived. Percival and Henry were about a quarter of a mile behind, for Percival was not used to the snow-shoes, and did not get on so well as the others. Malachi and the rest with him halted, that Henry and Percival might come up with them, and then, after they had recovered their breath a little, he said,

"Now, you see there's a fine lot of deer here, Master Percival, but as you know nothing about woodcraft, and may put us all out, observe what I say to you. The animals are not only cute of hearing and seeing, but they are more cute of smell, and they can scent a man a mile off if the wind blows down to them; so you see it would be useless to attempt to get near to them if we do not get to the lee side of them without noise and without being seen. Now, the wind has been from the eastward, and as we are to the southward, we must get round by the woods to the westward, before we go upon the open ground, and then, Master Percival, you must do as we do, and keep behind, to watch our motions. If we come to a swell in the land, you must not run up, or even walk up, as you might shew yourself; the deer might be on the other side, within twenty yards of you; but you must hide yourself, as you will see that we shall do, and when we have found them, I will put you in a place where you shall have your shot as well as we. Do you understand, Master Percival?"

"Yes, I do, and I shall stop behind, and do as you tell me."

"Well then, now, we will go back into the thick of the forest till we get to leeward, and then we shall see whether you will make a hunter or not."

The whole party did as Malachi directed, and for more than an hour they walked through the wood, among the thickest of the trees, that they might not be seen by the animals. At last they arrived at the spot which Malachi desired, and then they

changed their course eastward towards the more open ground, where they expected to find the deer.

As they entered upon the open ground, they moved forward crouched to the ground, Malachi and Martin in the advance. When in the hollows, they all collected together, but on ascending a swell of the land, it was either Malachi or Martin who first crept up, and, looking over the summit, gave notice to the others to come forward. This was continually repeated for three or four miles, when Martin having raised his head just above a swell, made a signal to them who were below that the deer were in sight. After a moment or two reconnoitering, he went down and informed them that there were twelve or thirteen head of deer scraping up the snow about one hundred yards a-head of them, upon another swell of the land; but that they appeared to be alarmed and anxious, as if they had an idea of danger being near.

Malachi then again crawled up to make his observations, and returned.

"It is certain," said he, "that they are flurried about something; they appear just as if they had been hunted, and yet that is not likely. We must wait and let them settle a little, and find out whether any other parties have been hunting them."

They waited about ten minutes, till the animals appeared more settled, and then, by altering their position behind the swell, gained about 25 yards of distance. Malachi told each party which animal to aim at, and they fired nearly simultaneously. Three of the beasts fell, two others were wounded, the rest of the herd bounded off like the wind. They all rose from behind the swell, and ran forward to their prey. Alfred had fired at a fine buck which stood apart from the rest, and somewhat farther off: it was evident that the animal was badly wounded, and Alfred had marked the thicket into which it had floundered; but the other deer which was wounded was evidently slightly hurt, and there was little chance of obtaining it, as it bounded away after the rest of the herd. They all ran up to where the animals lay dead, and as soon as they had reloaded their rifles, Alfred and Martin went on the track of the one that was badly wounded. They had forced their way through the thicket for some fifty yards, guided by the track of the animal, when they started back at the loud growl of some beast. Alfred, who was in advance, perceived that a puma (catamount, or painter, as it usually termed), had taken possession of the deer, and was lying over the carcass. He levelled his rifle and fired; the beast, although badly wounded, immediately sprang at him and seized him by the shoulder. Alfred was sinking under the animal's weight, and from the pain he was suffering, when Martin came to his rescue, and put his rifle ball through the head of the beast, which fell dead.

These extracts will shew the sort of information which Captain MARRYAT has mingled with his narrative, or rather which he has made the tale the medium for conveying in the most agreeable form. We might cite a hundred passages equally illustrative of life in Canada, but these must suffice.

*I Promessi Sposi. The Betrothed.* By ALESSANDRO MANZONI. A new translation. In 2 vols. London, 1844. J. Burns.

MANZONI is the Scott of Italy. His great historical romance, *The Betrothed*, is as well known in all other civilized countries as in his own. It has been translated into every European tongue, and wherever it has been read its fine religious tone, its pure morality, its elevating examples, have cheered the hearts of young and old, by their lessons of practical piety and their whisperings of the peace that proceeds from a faithful discharge of duties to God and humankind.

In England we have had but one translation of this noble production, and that scarcely deserves the name, for it was hacked and hewn unmercifully, and so disfigured that the author would with difficulty have recognized his offspring. What were the motives for this mutilation it is hard to guess, but not improbably religious prejudices were not unconcerned.

A new translation, therefore, wherein the original is faithfully rendered, without curtailment or misrepresentation, will be a welcome addition to our popular literature, and the one before us puts forth peculiar claims to attention. It is not

only a faithful transcript of MANZONI, but it is "got up," to use the technical phrase, with singular attention to typography and illustration. It is printed as beautifully as any of the Annuals. It is lavishly adorned with wood-cuts in the best style of art, and its exterior dress will recommend it to the most delicate drawing-room. Of the merits of a romance which has been stamped with the approval of nations, and which, by report at least, must be known to all our readers, it would be presumptuous to treat. Enough, that in the discharge of duty as a journal of literature, we announce the fact of its publication, and recommend it as a Christmas present, which will be of more worth to its possessors than any of the elegant nonsense which at this season thrusts itself upon the notice of the bountiful.

*The Mosaic Workers, a Tale; to which is added, the Orcho, a Tradition.* Translated from the French of G. SAND, by G. A. A. London, 1844. Clarke and Co. Old Bailey.

IN a former number of THE CRITIC we introduced this work (then unpublished) to our readers. They will doubtless remember that it is a translation of *Les Maitres Mosaistes*, one of GEORGE SAND'S Art-Novels; and it is a work well worth the reading. It is neither a paraphrase nor a literal translation. It has the rare merit of being imbued with the spirit of the original. The translator (who we are given to understand is a lady) is singularly felicitous in her style of rendering French idioms into graceful English; and the French journalists may now declare that *La perfide Albion* has contrived to appropriate the eloquence of the most eloquent living author of *La belle France*. This assertion is, we think, so fully borne out by the extracts which have already appeared in THE CRITIC, that we shall give no more now, but shall merely refer our readers to the work itself, which has the all-important recommendation of being cheap. It forms one of "Clarke's Cabinet Series," a set of miniature volumes, which we are glad to see so extensively circulated, for they mainly consist of works of considerable value. For the publication of *The Mosaic Workers* we conceive Messrs. Clarke and Co. to be entitled to the praise which is due to those who dare to force merit on the notice of the public in spite of the prejudices of the public. We believe few respectable English publishers would be daring enough to risk the publication of a translation from SANDS. Two only of Mme. DUDEVANT'S books have, we believe, appeared in an English dress, *Indiana and Spiridion*. As translations we cannot recommend them, neither do we believe them suited to the taste of the English public. Whatever merit they may have (and we believe they have much), it is not of a kind to be recognized here. We believe that Mme. DUDEVANT is mistaken in many of her views of human nature and of social life; but we also believe that she is a woman of unquestionable genius, and that she possesses the qualities that ever accompany real genius—sincerity, moral courage, and an irrepressible desire after the true, the beautiful, and the good. Holding this opinion, we cannot presume to pronounce her works (as most of our contemporaries do) dangerous—pernicious, and highly immoral, *sine grano salis*.

With regard, however, to the tale in question, *The Mosaic Workers*, the most rigidly scrupulous person may safely put it into the hands of maidens of sixteen. Indeed we have heard of a school-mistress, as particular on the score of morals as the most punctilious of her class, and far more cultivated in mind than the generality of that class,—we have heard of a school-mistress who gave, as a prize, for improvement in French, *Les Maitres Mosaistes*, of GEORGE SAND. After this, if any of our readers should say, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" we answer, without profaning the Scripture, "Come and see." We challenge any one and every one to read *The Mosaic Workers*, and find fault with it on the score of morality. It is a beautiful story, of that devotion to art which makes the artist. The characters of Francesco and Valerio are as vital as if they lived and moved before us. All who can appreciate such characters must be able to recognize the ennobling tendency of true art. There will be various opinions as to the relative merits of painting in oil, in fresco, or in mosaic; but we believe that all educated persons will agree, that painting is an art worthy the consecration of a life, and therefore worthy to be the subject of a volume full of eloquence, knowledge, and critical philosophy.

Again, we would say seriously to our readers, do not be



blinded by a name. Do not refuse to read a work of Mme. DUBVANT's, because you may have heard fifty reports (probably absurdly exaggerated) of her personal eccentricities—nay, of her personal vices. We would, as much as in us lies, promote freedom of thought on all subjects, especially on the subject of letters, because we believe it conducive to virtue, and consequently to happiness.

*The Orcho*, a sort of mystical legend, typical, we apprehend, of the past grandeur and present debasement of Venice, is appended to *The Mosaic Workers*. This also is from GEORGE SAND, and is very gracefully translated.—*From a Correspondent*.

## POETRY.

*Providence: a Poem in four Cantos, with Miscellaneous Pieces.*

By HENRY EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.D. In 2 vols. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

*Marriage: a Poem in four Cantos.* By the Rev. Dr. HENRY EDWARDS, &c. Third edition. London, 1843. Whittaker and Co.

*Poeta nascitur, non fit*, is a maxim which, though stale, it is necessary continually to wave before the eyes of the multitude who publish volumes of verses, and call themselves poets. Genius itself cannot accomplish great things without great toil and industry, but no amount of labour will compensate for the absence of natural genius. If aspirant poets would but remember this, they would spare themselves many a pang, which reviewers, who perform their duties honestly, are compelled to inflict, and the literary journalist would be permitted some rest from the unpleasing but unavoidable duty of introducing pretender after pretender, only to dismiss him with a shake of the head and the emphatic "It will never do," of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Seeing third edition upon the title-page of one of the poems named above, our curiosity was violently excited; and, even with the memory of Satan MONTGOMERY full before us, we opened the volume eagerly, anticipating a treat such as is rarely enjoyed by the lover of poetry in these days of the degradation of the muses; and poetry, too, on such a theme! If marriage could not inspire a man, and especially a man about to enter upon it, there would be no hope of him! Undoubtedly he could be no poet by birth who should not have indited poetry in such circumstances on such a subject! Here, then, was a test to try the genius of the Rev. HENRY EDWARDS.

But what disappointment was ours, as we glanced from leaf to leaf, as is our wont before we read right through, to find the style, manner, and mechanical skill of the writer, that, if these are so obviously bad as of themselves to condemn the book, we may not waste time in going further into it. Can we credit our eyes? Or have we mistaken the taste of our countrymen? Is it possible that a poem can have reached a THIRD edition, which contains such passages as the following, the very first we light upon, as we open the leaves at random?—

In nature what so dismally awry  
As two such dears who ne'er see with one eye.—P. 43.

Home's no luxury, no halcyon Eden,  
Where the fond heart may anchor every even.—P. 23.

Travelling through "England's garden" he arrives  
Where Angelina's father's mansion lies.—P. 51.

The moon shines bright, and stars gaze gently down,  
Whilst the fine hero treads the sea-side ground.—P. 51.

Alonzo now at manhood's prime arrived,  
Your blooming cheeks blushing with conscious pride.—P. 37.

Weep not when Hymen visits next the town,  
Your cot he'll touch, with richest graces crown'd.—P. 31.

When the campaign of politics is closed,  
He feels to her alone his life he owes.—P. 20.

And we might cull a hundred of such indefensible rhymes, proving that in the art of poetry, at least, Mr. EDWARDS is as yet the veriest tyro.

But are there not merits of thought and language which make some compensation for the wretched rhyming, which must have tempted readers to forget the grating of the ear in the beauty of the images, the originality of the ideas, or the elo-

quence of the language? We can only say, we have looked for them in vain. Both the poems that head this notice appear to us to be little better than elaborated common-place tortured into verses. They contain no poetry, properly so called. When the author tries to depart from the plainest prose, and indulges in a figure, or a simile, he writes in this wise:—

Not so, my lyre, she sweeps alone the strain  
Of God's good Providence, and Heaven's pure train;  
She ambles here, but to ascend the skies,  
Where, fair celestial vanities despise.

PROVIDENCE, v. i. p. 117.

It would be difficult to compress more nonsense into four lines than appears in this quotation. The *lyre* is made to *amble*, and then to ascend the skies, "where fair celestial vanities despise." Genius of Grammar shield our ears!

Again:—

A grateful heart will learn new flowers to cull,  
And richest fruits where'er on earth it dwell;  
The bee shall feast as long upon one flower  
As the ox would all in a mead devour.—Ibid. 133.

What a simile have we here, and what a senseless line is the last.

And how harsh and grating is this:—

Teach me alone to those things to aspire,  
Those blessings only to ask and desire.—Ibid. p. 109.

To us of simple mind and plain understanding, the following appears to be nothing better than sheer no-meaning:—

Ere nature's pang did birth to me impart,  
I was prevented by a praying heart;  
Ere it was known what form I should assume,  
Like Hannah's son, devoted from the womb.—Ibid. p. 124.

From what he was prevented before he was born, the poet does not condescend to enlighten us.

Perhaps we may be told that this is criticism carping at words, and that we overlook the material merits of the composition. But we cannot discover any; that is, if we read it, as only we may, in its character of poetry. We doubt not that very good morality is preached—very genuine piety promulgated—very excellent advice given, by Mr. EDWARDS; but all this he might have offered to the world in good prose, instead of bad verse, and thus secured a larger and more attentive audience than ever he will charm to listen to his rhymes. Our business now is to try his merits as a poet, and it vexes us to see respectable prose thus disguised, and sound sentiments thus disfigured. Mr. EDWARDS is not and never can be a poet; for Nature did not make him one; and with all his industry, he cannot reverse her decree. Yet has he many qualities that may lift him to eminence in his proper sphere; and we trust, for his fame's sake, he will henceforth limit his ambition to that which he can do well, instead of making himself ridiculous by attempting a flight in which, he may be assured, and his best friends will tell him so, with his waxen wings, he will be sure to fall.

*Fairfax's Translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.* In 2 vols. London, 1844. Knight and Co.

FAIRFAX's translation is remarkable for its faithfulness to the original, and for a certain rugged but effective style, which impresses the reader with a sense of power, and carries him onward, through a somewhat prosy narrative, by the force of its own energy. To modern ears the pronunciation of the *ed* in the past tense of the verbs sounds harshly, and it must be confessed that the old bard is not very scrupulous either in his metre or his rhyme. When it serves his purpose, he does not hesitate to send them forth shorn of their fair proportions, and the first word that comes to his pen is indited without much regard for elegance. But then that word is always the most expressive; and now-a-days, when language is refined into feebleness by our over-fastidious writers and speakers, it is pleasant and healthful to turn to an old gentleman who speaks plain English, and talks to you without mincing or picking his expressions. A hearty welcome, then, to honest FAIRFAX, and thanks to Mr. KNIGHT for presenting him in so becoming a dress to the regards of every body who can afford to expend a couple of shillings for the possession of him.

changed their course eastward towards the more open ground, where they expected to find the deer.

As they entered upon the open ground, they moved forward crouched to the ground, Malachi and Martin in the advance. When in the hollows, they all collected together, but on ascending a swell of the land, it was either Malachi or Martin who first crept up, and, looking over the summit, gave notice to the others to come forward. This was continually repeated for three or four miles, when Martin having raised his head just above a swell, made a signal to them who were below that the deer were in sight. After a moment or two reconnoitering, he went down and informed them that there were twelve or thirteen head of deer scraping up the snow about one hundred yards a-head of them, upon another swell of the land; but that they appeared to be alarmed and anxious, as if they had an idea of danger being near.

Malachi then again crawled up to make his observations, and returned.

"It is certain," said he, "that they are flurried about something; they appear just as if they had been hunted, and yet that is not likely. We must wait and let them settle a little, and find out whether any other parties have been hunting them."

They waited about ten minutes, till the animals appeared more settled, and then, by altering their position behind the swell, gained about 25 yards of distance. Malachi told each party which animal to aim at, and they fired nearly simultaneously. Three of the beasts fell, two others were wounded, the rest of the herd bounded off like the wind. They all rose from behind the swell, and ran forward to their prey. Alfred had fired at a fine buck which stood apart from the rest, and somewhat farther off: it was evident that the animal was badly wounded, and Alfred had marked the thicket into which it had floundered; but the other deer which was wounded was evidently slightly hurt, and there was little chance of obtaining it, as it bounded away after the rest of the herd. They all ran up to where the animals lay dead, and as soon as they had reloaded their rifles, Alfred and Martin went on the track of the one that was badly wounded. They had forced their way through the thicket for some fifty yards, guided by the track of the animal, when they started back at the loud growl of some beast. Alfred, who was in advance, perceived that a puma (catamount, or painter, as it usually termed), had taken possession of the deer, and was lying over the carcase. He levelled his rifle and fired; the beast, although badly wounded, immediately sprang at him and seized him by the shoulder. Alfred was sinking under the animal's weight, and from the pain he was suffering, when Martin came to his rescue, and put his rifle ball through the head of the beast, which fell dead.

These extracts will shew the sort of information which Captain MARRYAT has mingled with his narrative, or rather which he has made the tale the medium for conveying in the most agreeable form. We might cite a hundred passages equally illustrative of life in Canada, but these must suffice.

*I Promessi Sposi. The Betrothed.* By ALESSANDRO MANZONI. A new translation. In 2 vols. London, 1844. J. Burns.

MANZONI is the Scott of Italy. His great historical romance, *The Betrothed*, is as well known in all other civilized countries as in his own. It has been translated into every European tongue, and wherever it has been read its fine religious tone, its pure morality, its elevating examples, have cheered the hearts of young and old, by their lessons of practical piety and their whisperings of the peace that proceeds from a faithful discharge of duties to God and humankind.

In England we have had but one translation of this noble production, and that scarcely deserves the name, for it was hacked and hewn unmercifully, and so disfigured that the author would with difficulty have recognized his offspring. What were the motives for this mutilation it is hard to guess, but not improbably religious prejudices were not unconcerned.

A new translation, therefore, wherein the original is faithfully rendered, without curtailment or misrepresentation, will be a welcome addition to our popular literature, and the one before us puts forth peculiar claims to attention. It is not

only a faithful transcript of MANZONI, but it is "got up," to use the technical phrase, with singular attention to typography and illustration. It is printed as beautifully as any of the *Annals*. It is lavishly adorned with wood-cuts in the best style of art, and its exterior dress will recommend it to the most delicate drawing-room. Of the merits of a romance which has been stamped with the approval of nations, and which, by report at least, must be known to all our readers, it would be presumptuous to treat. Enough, that in the discharge of duty as a journal of literature, we announce the fact of its publication, and recommend it as a Christmas present, which will be of more worth to its possessors than any of the elegant nonsense which at this season thrusts itself upon the notice of the bountiful.

*The Mosaic Workers, a Tale; to which is added, the Orcho, a Tradition.* Translated from the French of G. SAND, by G. A. A. London, 1844. Clarke and Co. Old Bailey.

IN a former number of *THE CRITIC* we introduced this work (then unpublished) to our readers. They will doubtless remember that it is a translation of *Les Maitres Mosaistes*, one of GEORGE SAND'S Art-Novels; and it is a work well worth the reading. It is neither a paraphrase nor a literal translation. It has the rare merit of being imbued with the spirit of the original. The translator (who we are given to understand is a lady) is singularly felicitous in her style of rendering French idioms into graceful English; and the French journalists may now declare that *La perfide Albion* has contrived to appropriate the eloquence of the most eloquent living author of *La belle France*. This assertion is, we think, so fully borne out by the extracts which have already appeared in *THE CRITIC*, that we shall give no more now, but shall merely refer our readers to the work itself, which has the all-important recommendation of being cheap. It forms one of "Clarke's Cabinet Series," a set of miniature volumes, which we are glad to see so extensively circulated, for they mainly consist of works of considerable value. For the publication of *The Mosaic Workers* we conceive Messrs. Clarke and Co. to be entitled to the praise which is due to those who dare to force merit on the notice of the public in spite of the prejudices of the public. We believe few respectable English publishers would be daring enough to risk the publication of a translation from SANDS. Two only of Mme. DUDEVANT'S books have, we believe, appeared in an English dress, *Indiana* and *Spiridion*. As translations we cannot recommend them, neither do we believe them suited to the taste of the English public. Whatever merit they may have (and we believe they have much), it is not of a kind to be recognized here. We believe that Mme. DUDEVANT is mistaken in many of her views of human nature and of social life; but we also believe that she is a woman of unquestionable genius, and that she possesses the qualities that ever accompany real genius—sincerity, moral courage, and an irrepressible desire after the true, the beautiful, and the good. Holding this opinion, we cannot presume to pronounce her works (as most of our contemporaries do) dangerous—pernicious, and highly immoral, *sine grano salis*.

With regard, however, to the tale in question, *The Mosaic Workers*, the most rigidly scrupulous person may safely put it into the hands of maidens of sixteen. Indeed we have heard of a school-mistress, as particular on the score of morals as the most punctilious of her class, and far more cultivated in mind than the generality of that class,—we have heard of a school-mistress who gave, as a prize, for improvement in French, *Les Maitres Mosaistes*, of GEORGE SAND. After this, if any of our readers should say, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" we answer, without profaning the Scripture, "Come and see." We challenge any one and every one to read *The Mosaic Workers*, and find fault with it on the score of morality. It is a beautiful story, of that devotion to art which makes the artist. The characters of Francesco and Valerio are as vital as if they lived and moved before us. All who can appreciate such characters must be able to recognize the ennobling tendency of true art. There will be various opinions as to the relative merits of painting in oil, in fresco, or in mosaic; but we believe that all educated persons will agree, that painting is an art worthy the consecration of a life, and therefore worthy to be the subject of a volume full of eloquence, knowledge, and critical philosophy.

Again, we would say seriously to our readers, do not be

blinded by a name. Do not refuse to read a work of MME. DUVANT'S, because you may have heard fifty reports (probably absurdly exaggerated) of her personal eccentricities—nay, of her personal vices. We would, as much as in us lies, promote freedom of thought on all subjects, especially on the subject of letters, because we believe it conducive to virtue, and consequently to happiness.

*The Orcho*, a sort of mystical legend, typical, we apprehend, of the past grandeur and present debasement of Venice, is appended to *The Mosaic Workers*. This also is from GEORGE SAND, and is very gracefully translated.—*From a Correspondent*.

## POETRY.

*Providence; a Poem in four Cantos, with Miscellaneous Pieces.* By HENRY EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.D. In 2 vols. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

*Marriage: a Poem in four Cantos.* By the Rev. Dr. HENRY EDWARDS, &c. Third edition. London, 1843. Whittaker and Co.

*Poeta nascitur, non fit*, is a maxim which, though stale, it is necessary continually to wave before the eyes of the multitude who publish volumes of verses, and call themselves poets. Genius itself cannot accomplish great things without great toil and industry, but no amount of labour will compensate for the absence of natural genius. If aspirant poets would but remember this, they would spare themselves many a pang, which reviewers, who perform their duties honestly, are compelled to inflict, and the literary journalist would be permitted some rest from the unpleasing but unavoidable duty of introducing pretender after pretender, only to dismiss him with a shake of the head and the emphatic "It will never do," of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Seeing third edition upon the title-page of one of the poems named above, our curiosity was violently excited; and, even with the memory of SATAN MONTGOMERY full before us, we opened the volume eagerly, anticipating a treat such as is rarely enjoyed by the lover of poetry in these days of the degradation of the muses; and poetry, too, on such a theme! If marriage could not inspire a man, and especially a man about to enter upon it, there would be no hope of him! Undoubtedly he could be no poet by birth who should not have indited poetry in such circumstances on such a subject! Here, then, was a test to try the genius of the Rev. HENRY EDWARDS.

But what disappointment was ours, as we glanced from leaf to leaf, as is our wont before we read right through, to find the style, manner, and mechanical skill of the writer, that, if these are so obviously bad as of themselves to condemn the book, we may not waste time in going further into it. Can we credit our eyes? Or have we mistaken the taste of our countrymen? Is it possible that a poem can have reached a THIRD edition, which contains such passages as the following, the very first we light upon, as we open the leaves at random?—

In nature what so dismally awry  
As two such dears who ne'er see with one eye.—P. 43.

Home 's no luxury, no halcyon Eden,  
Where the fond heart may anchor every even.—P. 23.

Travelling through "England's garden" he arrives  
Where Angelina's father's mansion lies.—P. 51.

The moon shines bright, and stars gaze gently down,  
Whilst the fine hero treads the sea-side ground.—P. 51.

Alozo now at manhood's prime arrived,  
Your blooming cheeks blushing with conscious pride.—P. 37.

Weep not when Hymen visits next the town,  
Your cot he'll touch, with richest graces crown'd.—P. 31.

When the campaign of politics is closed,  
He feels to her alone his life he owes.—P. 20.

And we might cull a hundred of such indefensible rhymes, proving that in the *art* of poetry, at least, Mr. EDWARDS is as yet the veriest tyro.

But are there not merits of thought and language which make some compensation for the wretched rhyming, which must have tempted readers to forget the grating of the ear in the beauty of the images, the originality of the ideas, or the elo-

quence of the language? We can only say, we have looked for them in vain. Both the poems that head this notice appear to us to be little better than elaborated common-place tortured into verses. They contain no *poetry*, properly so called. When the author tries to depart from the plainest prose, and indulges in a figure, or a simile, he writes in this wise:—

Not so, my lyre, she sweeps alone the strain  
Of God's good Providence, and Heaven's pure train;  
She ambles here, but to ascend the skies,  
Where, fair celestial vanities despise.

PROVIDENCE, v. i. p. 117.

It would be difficult to compress more nonsense into four lines than appears in this quotation. The *lyre* is made to *amble*, and then to ascend the skies, "where fair celestial vanities despise." Genius of Grammar shield our ears!

Again:—

A grateful heart will learn new flowers to cull,  
And richest fruits where'er on earth it dwell;  
The bee shall feast as long upon one flower  
As the ox would all in a mead devour.—Ibid. 133.

What a simile have we here, and what a senseless line is the last.

And how harsh and grating is this:—

Teach me alone to those things to aspire,  
Those blessings only to ask and desire.—Ibid. p. 109.

To us of simple mind and plain understanding, the following appears to be nothing better than sheer no-meaning:—

Ere nature's pang did birth to me impart,  
I was prevented by a praying heart;  
Ere it was known what form I should assume,  
Like Hannah's son, devoted from the womb.—Ibid. p. 124.

From what he was *prevented* before he was born, the poet does not condescend to enlighten us.

Perhaps we may be told that this is criticism carping at words, and that we overlook the material merits of the composition. But we cannot discover any; that is, if we read it, as only we may, in its character of *poetry*. We doubt not that very good morality is preached—very genuine piety promulgated—very excellent advice given, by Mr. EDWARDS; but all this he might have offered to the world in good prose, instead of bad verse, and thus secured a larger and more attentive audience than ever he will charm to listen to his rhymes. Our business now is to try his merits as a *poet*, and it vexes us to see respectable prose thus disguised, and sound sentiments thus disfigured. Mr. EDWARDS is not and never can be a poet; for Nature did not make him one; and with all his industry, he cannot reverse her decree. Yet has he many qualities that may lift him to eminence in his proper sphere; and we trust, for his fame's sake, he will henceforth limit his ambition to that which he can do well, instead of making himself ridiculous by attempting a flight in which, he may be assured, and his best friends will tell him so, with his waxen wings, he will be sure to fall.

*Fairfax's Translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.* In 2 vols. London, 1844. Knight and Co.

FAIRFAX'S translation is remarkable for its faithfulness to the original, and for a certain rugged but effective style, which impresses the reader with a sense of power, and carries him onward, through a somewhat prosy narrative, by the force of its own energy. To modern ears the pronunciation of the *ed* in the past tense of the verbs sounds harshly, and it must be confessed that the old bard is not very scrupulous either in his metre or his rhyme. When it serves his purpose, he does not hesitate to send them forth shorn of their fair proportions, and the first word that comes to his pen is indited without much regard for elegance. But then that word is always the most expressive; and now-a-days, when language is refined into feebleness by our over-fastidious writers and speakers, it is pleasant and healthful to turn to an old gentleman who speaks plain English, and talks to you without mincing or picking his expressions. A hearty welcome, then, to honest FAIRFAX, and thanks to Mr. KNIGHT for presenting him in so becoming a dress to the regards of every body who can afford to expend a couple of shillings for the possession of him.



*Tecumseh, the Prophet of the West; an Historical Israel-Indian Tragedy, in five acts.—The Life and History of General Harrison, late President of the United States, &c. The first Oration upon the Life, Character, and Genius of Shakspeare.* By GEORGE JONES, Esq., M.R.S., &c. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

THE first aspect of this volume—its title-page, so full of affectation—the fulsome flattery of the dedication—the mingled conceit and bad temper of the preface—are calculated to create the strongest prejudice against the author and his book in the minds of English gentlemen, whose characteristic is simplicity of manner and an entire absence of self-vaunting. It may be that in America Mr. JONES's braggadocios about the kings and noblemen who have treated him with civility, and answered his notes: the "big-talk" about his "literary triumphs," and so-forth, may pass unnoticed, because these are the too common faults of his countrymen; but in England they will find no mercy, because they are entirely at variance with all our acknowledged rules of good breeding. Moreover, the reader cannot fail to remark the absurd contrast between the apparent confidence of Mr. JONES in his own superiority and the soreness he exhibits at some ridicule passed upon him in the humorous pages of *Punch*. If Mr. JONES were really as great as he asserts, or even if he were himself quite satisfied of his greatness, whatever others might think, he would laugh to scorn *Punch* and all his works: this sensitiveness is evidence of a doubt lurking in some corner of his own mind of the validity of the claims he has put forth, and therefore his irritability is excited by any thing that might disturb his self-delusion.

But let us lay aside aught of prejudice produced upon our English feelings by the peculiarities we have noticed, and endeavour to judge the work apart from the person of the author.

And we must admit that, so viewing his writings, Mr. JONES is entitled to more credit than might have been anticipated from the bad judgment exhibited in the introduction to them. *Tecumseh* is a tragedy very long, very ill-constructed, and very un-dramatic, as a whole; upon the stage it would be an utter failure. But if read as a poem in the dramatic form, in which we look rather to the worth of particular parts than to the merit of the whole structure, it may be pronounced a respectable production. Mr. JONES certainly has some poetry in him; we are not sent to sleep by the monotonous humdrum of common-places which characterizes nine-tenths of the poems it is our fate to scan. Extravagance of thought and of language are visible at times; he frequently indulges in flights beyond the ken of ordinary readers; he heaps up metaphors and similes with overwhelming profusion, and often becomes confused and mingles them after the most approved Irish fashion; but withal there are passages proving the possession by Mr. JONES of ideas that tread upon the very verge of poetry, and of powers that are almost entitled to the proud name of genius. He wants humility, and he must learn it before he will become in its truest meaning a poet. He must acquire a consciousness of his own defects, master his own weaknesses, be as a little child at the foot of Parnassus, and look up and adore with a sense that the summit is yet far off, and that he will have need to toil for months and years to mount the steep ere he can hope to have the homage which we believe is never denied to real merit now-a-days, however formerly it might have lived and died unknown and unacknowledged. There is hope for him, and that cannot be said of one in a hundred of the verse writers who pass under the review of a literary journal.

The biography of General HARRISON is far better than the drama. Mr. JONES has diligently collected the prominent details of the life of this able statesman, and he has arranged and narrated them in a less stilted manner than that which offends in *Tecumseh* and in the *Oration*. If he would always subdue himself to this strain, he would soon take a prominent place in the literature of the time. The biography is brief, being little more than a chronological record of the principal passages of General HARRISON's career; but it is closed with some sensible commentaries upon the relationship between England and America, addressed to the war party in both countries, for which Mr. JONES will have the thanks of the friends of peace; that is, of all Christians and of all good men throughout the world.

*The Oration upon Shakspeare* is a species of composition for which we cannot feel an interest; and indeed it is not framed to be read, but to be heard. Perhaps it may have been sufficiently attractive when uttered by an energetic speaker, and listened to by an excited audience. But rhapsody read in cold blood has always an air of exaggeration; it is unpleasing, because out of place; we cannot relish fervor at second-hand; and the very recollection that it must have been slowly written, tediously composed by the printer, corrected and revised, printed, pressed, bound, and bought and sold, makes it as uninteresting as an elaborated impromptu, a printed speech when the subject of it has passed, or a love-letter read when the fit is over.

With this honest expression of opinion, both as to his merits and demerits, we bid adieu to Mr. GEORGE JONES.

#### EDUCATION.

*Elements of Algebra, Theoretical and Practical, for the use of Schools and private Students.* By ALEXANDER INGRAM and JAMES TROTTER. Edinburgh, 1844. Oliver and Boyd. We have glanced over this volume, and, with the recollection of those which had perplexed our own school-boy days, we can speak with confidence of the comparative simplicity and intelligibility of the work of Messrs. INGRAM and TROTTER. Its main purpose was so to combine theory with practice, that the pupil should thoroughly understand every rule before proceeding to solve the exercises under that rule. The authors candidly admit that they have preferred usefulness to originality, and that whenever they were unable to suggest improvements, they have freely borrowed from the works of their predecessors. Their principal aim has been to reduce every thing to the most simple form, and thus to lighten the labours of the student, who is too often more perplexed by the pedantry of his teachers than by the intrinsic difficulties of the subject. This design seems to have been successfully pursued in the volume named above, which deserves to be noticed as among the best of the educational works of the season.

*Elements of Universal History, on a New and Systematic Plan, from the Earliest Times to the Treaty of Vienna, &c. &c.* By H. WHITE, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Edinburgh, 1843. Oliver and Boyd.

THERE is no more difficult task than to condense history without reducing it to a mere catalogue of names and dates, and repelling the reader, and especially the young student, by its dryness. This difficulty, however, Mr. WHITE has conquered in this volume, which, by the aid of a novel arrangement, compresses into some 600 pages a brief narrative of the principal events in the history of the world, so told as to attract the attention of youth, by seizing the particulars that best address themselves to the memory. The plan of the compiler has been to divide the history into periods of centuries, and so synchronizing facts as to group round one common centre the events that occurred at the same time in various and widely distant countries; thus preventing that confusion of dates and occurrences so common with those who have read history in detached portions. Such a work, carefully executed, will be found of great practical utility, not only in the school and the family, but to students and readers of all ages; for, after the perusal of elaborate histories, it will serve the excellent purpose of recalling and marshalling in their order the events that crowd the brain, and which are often confusedly recollected for want of some such summary as this to place them in rank, and give to each its relative position and value in the history of mankind—a consideration which historians of certain people, or eras, or individuals, are apt to disregard. This volume supplies a deficiency in our school literature.

*Elementary Latin Exercises, &c. &c.* By M. THORNBORROW. Tenth edition. London. 1844. Groombridge.

THE object of the compiler of these exercises appears to have been twofold: first, to give a vocabulary of appropriate nouns and verbs, to exemplify the rules of the genders, and for the

conjugations; and, secondly, to familiarize to the learner the terminations of the nouns and the signs, &c. of the moods and tenses of verbs. This is effected by a careful selection of illustrative examples. There is nothing particularly worthy of note in the design or in its execution. The work appears to be the production of one experienced in the difficulties of teaching, and may be useful in aid of the Eton Grammar.

*A Commentary on the Eton Latin Grammar.* By RICHARD HAYNES, *olim alum.* T.C.D. London, 1844. Lloyd and Co.

A QUARTO volume is a novelty, but a quarto school-book, a *rara avis in terris* (the title is infectious). Here is a commentary upon a grammar at least three times as long as itself, but it has an advantage over its text, that it is in English.

The Preface, which is so wretchedly punctuated that it is painful to be read, informs us that "the ancient scholars framed their rules of Latin grammar without explanation of the *principles* upon which those rules were founded." This defect it is the purpose of the present Commentary to supply.

Mr. HAYNES is right in his assertion. Few boys at school, few of the bigger boys at college, or even of the bearded men there, have the slightest knowledge of the principles of the rules of the Latin Grammar; they would be sorely puzzled were they required to explain why such a rule has been framed; what is the philosophy of language and the law of mind from which it proceeds. And yet is all information short of this is mere parrot knowledge.

A volume devoted to the explanation of the principles of a grammar may, at the first sight, seem to be a superfluous labour; but when the subject is examined, it will be admitted that Mr. HAYNES has not given to it more inquiry than it deserves, and they who will muster courage to follow him through his laborious task will reap from it a harvest of information sometimes new, but always useful.

#### PERIODICALS.

*The Dublin Review.* No. 33, for September. London, 1844. C. Dolman.

THIS is the Quarterly Journal of the Roman Catholics, and it is in every shape highly creditable to them. A vast amount of talent is concentrated in its pages, every article being of a high class, and fit to rank with the best of those of its quarterly contemporaries, and it possesses the advantage of having a pervading spirit and unity of purpose through all its pages, which add immensely to its interest, by giving it individuality. The articles in this number are admirably selected with a view to variety and the intrinsic interest of the subjects treated of. The first is a sort of manifesto from the Repealers; an elaborate defence of O'Connell; and the eighth, an eloquent and indignant commentary on the State Trials. Three are theological, debating severally the Reformation, Church and State, and recent Italian apostates. The articles in general literature are a delightful autobiography of CELENSCHLAGER; a review of BECKER's *Galbas*; the Life of Beau BRUMMELL; a batch of recent travels in Northern Africa, in which advantage is taken to introduce divers religious, or rather, ecclesiastical topics, and a singularly clever and impartial notice of the recently-published correspondence of EDMUND BURKE. A sensible essay on the industrial resources of Ireland serves to mingle the *utile* with the *dulce*.

*The New Edinburgh Review; a Critical Journal and Magazine.* No. II. for November. London. Hayward and Adam.

WE are in doubt whether to class this periodical among the reviews or the magazines. It is an attempt to mingle the characteristics of both, and this has been more successfully accomplished than we had supposed to be practicable. The articles have no very striking merits, but they are quite equal to those in the other monthly works, perhaps somewhat better, having more substance about them. The first, on Social Doctors, contains some complimentary comments on YOUNG ENGLAND and its policy. The magazine articles occupy the greater portion of this number, the best being the *Autobiogra-*

*phy of a Living Writer.* This publication has a character of its own, and that is one step towards success.

#### THE ANNUALS.

*The Keepsake*, 1845; with Engravings, under the superintendence of Mr. CHARLES HEATH. Edited by the Countess of BLESSINGTON. London: Longman and Co.

*Heath's Book of Beauty* for 1845. Edited by the Countess of BLESSINGTON. London: Longman and Co.

*Cattermole's Historical Annual* for 1845. *The Great Civil War of Charles I. and his Parliament.* By the Rev. R. CATTERMOLLE, B.D. Illustrated by GEORGE CATTERMOLLE, Esq. London: Longman and Co.

THE Annuals have long since ceased to put forth any claim to patronage on the score of their literary merits. For a short time they were very fair representatives of the second class of British authorship; many respectable names were found in the lists of their contributors, and the editors exercised some care in the selection of their materials, so that compositions of intrinsic worth were alone admitted, and a Lord perpetrating bad poetry was summarily rejected; while the peasant who tendered upon a ragged leaf a song that smacked of genius was received with cordial welcome.

But this lasted not long. Good authors grew weary of straining their faculties for the production of works whose life was but for a season; and the Annuals were consigned as a prey for the multitude of minor poets and small story-tellers who hang upon the skirts of literature, and whose business it is to fill up with their namby-pamby the interstices of periodicals, forming the asses' bridge over which the reader is carried from one leading article to another, or to serve for foils to make more seeming brilliant the gems clustered about them.

When the Annuals fell into such hands, they necessarily lost much of the public favour that hitherto had attended them. They perished as fast as they had sprung up; and all would have died, had not the proprietors of some three or four of them penetration enough to see that they must, if they would thrive, modify the original design; and since it was impossible to give them value as literary works, to make them attractive as works of art. The three named at the head of this article seized the idea in a happy moment, and their great and deserved success proves the sagacity of the projectors.

It would be manifestly unfair to apply the strict standard of criticism to works which make no pretension to merit for their literature. In compliance with established custom, tales and poetry are introduced; and to these a sort of adventitious interest has been endeavoured to be given by titled names for contributors. But the real merit of the contributions is short of the average of album scribbles, with here and there a scrap of something of a better class, serving to shew what the Annuals might be made if authors would write and the public patronize.

After this manner alone would it be just to view the two volumes edited by the Countess of BLESSINGTON. The *Keepsake*, and the *Book of Beauty*, are both produced under her superintendence, and we doubt not she has gathered the best materials she could procure. In both we find almost the same names; in merit there is little to choose between them. To their worth and beauty, as works of art, we did ample justice in our last number. We will now select a few specimens of their literary contents, preferring the best, save when its length might forbid.

The most attractive name in the *Keepsake* will be that of EUGENE SUE, who has contributed a tale in French. Four English names will interest; to wit, WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, Mrs. S. C. HALL, Mr. R. M. MILNES, and Mr. B. D'ISRAELI. These have genius: they are of the aristocracy of letters. All the rest are of the *oi polloi*, the mob who think themselves authors, because they can write sentences without offending grammar. We omitted one of a better class, J. R. of Christchurch, Oxford, who has no need to veil his name. Let his strain first be heard:—

#### THE OLD SEAMAN.

You ask me why mine eyes are bent  
So darkly on the sea,  
While others watch the azure hills  
That lengthen on the lee.

The azure hills—they soothe the sight  
That fails along the foam;  
And those may hail their nearing height  
Who there have hope or home.

But I a loveless path have trod—  
A beaconless career;  
My hope hath long been all with God,  
And all my home is—here.

The deep by day, the heaven by night,  
Roll onward, swift and dark;  
Nor leave my soul the dove's delight,  
Of olive branch, or ark.

For more than gale, or gulf, or sand,  
I've proved that there may be  
Worse treachery on the steadfast land,  
Than variable sea.

A danger worse than bay or beach—  
A falsehood more unkind—  
The treachery of a governed speech,  
And an ungoverned mind.

The treachery of the deadly mart  
Where human souls are sold;  
The treachery of the hollow heart  
That crumbles as we hold.

Those holy hills and quiet lakes—  
Ah! wherefore should I find  
This weary fever-fit, that shakes  
Their image in my mind.

The memory of a streamlet's din,  
Through meadows daisy-drest—  
Another might be glad therein,  
And yet I cannot rest.

I cannot rest unless it be  
Beneath the churchyard yew;  
But God, I think, hath yet for me  
More earthly work to do.

And therefore, with a quiet will,  
I breathe the ocean air,  
And bless the voice that calls me still  
To wander and to bear.

Let others seek their native sod,  
Who there have hearts to cheer;  
My soul hath long been given to God,  
And all my home is—here.

Now for a strain of prose poetry, by Mr. D'ISRAELI:—

#### FANTASIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONINGSBY."

##### I.

'Tis a scene of perpetual moonlight; never ceasing serenades:  
groups of gliding revellers; gardens, fountains, palaces!

There are four green vistas, and from each vista comes forth a  
damsel; each damsel in white raiment, each with a masque,  
fashioned and glittering like a star.

They meet and curtsy to the moon.

"O! Lady Artemis," the thrilling voices cried, "O! Lady  
Artemis, Endymion slumbers in thy bower; but why are we  
alone?"

There are four bright statues, bright heroic statues, mounted  
on emerald pedestals, around the plot where the star-faced ladies  
sing.

"O! Lady Artemis, why are we alone?"

Lo! each statue from its pedestal leaps upon the earth;  
bends before a maiden, extends to her his hand, and leads her  
with stately grace. Nymphs and heroes dance together.

Yes! 'tis a scene of perpetual moonlight; never ceasing  
serenades; groups of gliding revellers; gardens, fountains, pa-  
laces!

##### II.

A thousand bright-eyed pages, swinging baskets full of  
flowers, flit about in all directions, and present each shadowy  
reveller with a lily; asking and responding all the time in  
chorus.

"What is night like?"

"Like a lily."

"What is morn like?"

"Like a rose."

"Yes! night is like a lily, and morning like a rose."

Oh! 'tis a scene of perpetual moonlight; never ceasing  
serenades; groups of gliding revellers; gardens, fountains, pa-  
laces!

##### III.

It was a grove remote from the noisier part of the fantastic

demesne; the music so distant that it was almost overpowered  
by the gentle voice of the fountain, by the side of which a hero  
whispered to one of the star-faced maidens.

"My heart is tender, my voice is hushed, my thoughts are  
wild and beautiful as the twilight. It is the hour of love!"

The maiden slowly removed her starry masque, and exhibited  
the crested head of a splendid serpent. Its eyes glittered with  
prismatic fire, and its tongue of blue and arrowy flame played be-  
tween its delicate and ebon jaws.

"You are alarmed," said the serpent.

"Only fascinated," said the hero.

"Yet yours is the common lot of premature passion," said the  
serpent; "you have fallen in love with a masque, and obtained  
a monster."

The hero, to cover his confusion, placed the masque to his  
face, but in a moment, an almost rude grasp tore the covering  
from his countenance.

"A maid of honour of Queen Artemis is missing," said a lusty  
Faun, "and you are found with her masque."

"But a masque is not a maid," expostulated the hero.

"That depends upon circumstances," said the Faun. "Hark! I  
her Majesty passes. We must follow."

They emerged from the grove. The advanced guard of the  
procession was passing over the lawn; bands of youth blowing  
silver horns, their long hair dishevelled, or their tresses braided  
with lilies. Strange riders on white horses followed them, bear-  
ing mystic banners. A wild, yet subdued chorus, a clash of  
cymbals, and a chariot drawn by an ecstatic troop of nymphs and  
satyrs. Upon its lofty throne was a regal form, her melancholy  
beauty like the setting moon. As the chariot passed, the count-  
less windows of the palaces were illumined by a bright blue  
flame, and tongues of pallid fire rose from the roofs—like the  
tongue of the maid of honour.

The route has passed; the tinkle of the guitars is again  
heard, and in the fair and undisturbed light, groups of dancers  
with twinkling yet soundless feet seem to sail over the ground.  
All is mystery; and so is life. Whither do they go? And where  
do we?

Yet it was a scene of perpetual moonlight; never ceasing  
serenades; groups of gliding revellers; gardens, fountains, pa-  
laces!

*The Book of Beauty* adds to the names we have noted as  
specially attractive in *The Keepsake*, that of Sir E. BULWER  
LYTTON. There is one of LANDOR's *Imaginary Conversa-  
tions*, too long for extract, but deserving attentive perusal, and  
proving that time has not yet dimmed the faculties of this fine  
old man. We pass to another of J. R.'s sweet musings:—

#### LA MADONNA DELL' ACQUA.

In the centre of the lagoon between Venice and the mouths of the Brenta,  
supported on a few mouldering piles, stands a small shrine dedicated  
to the Madonna dell' Acqua, which the gondolier never passes without  
a prayer.

Around her shrine no earthly blossoms blow,

No footsteps fret the pathway to and fro;

No sign nor record of departed prayer,

Print of the stone, nor echo of the air;

Worn by the lip, nor wearied by the knee,—

Only a deeper silence of the sea:

For there, in passing, pause the breezes bleak,

And the foam fades, and all the waves are weak,

The pulse-like oars in softer fall succeed,

The black prow falters through the wild sea-weed—

Where, twilight-borne, the minute thunders reach,

Of deep-mouthed surf, that bays by Lido's beach,

With intermittent motion traversed far,

And shattered glancing of the western star,

'Till the faint storm-bird on the heaving flow,

Drops in white circles, silently, like snow.

Not here the ponderous gem, nor pealing note,

Dim to adorn—insistent to adore—

But purple-dyed, the mists of evening float,

In ceaseless incense from the burning floor

Of ocean, and the gathered gold of heaven

Laces its sapphire vault, and, early given,

The white rays of the rushing firmament

Pierce the blue, quivering night, through wreath or rent,

Of cloud inscrutable and motionless,

Hectic and wan, and moon-companioned cloud!

Oh! lone Madonna—angel of the deep—

When the night falls, and deadly winds are loud

Will not thy love be with us while we keep

Our watch upon the waters, and the gaze

Of thy soft eyes, that slumber not, nor sleep?

Deem not thou, stranger, that such trust is vain;

Faith walks not on these weary waves alone,

Though weakness dread, or apathy disdain,

The spot which God has hallowed for His own.



They sin who pass it lightly—ill divining  
The glory of this place of bitter prayer;  
And hoping against hope, and self-resigning,  
And reach of faith, and wrestling with despair,  
And resurrection of the last distress,  
Into the sense of heaven, when earth is bare,  
And of God's voice, when man's is comfortless.

MR. CHARLES HERVEY has contributed the following amusing

#### NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

In the year 1427, Stamati, a native of Candia, conceived the bold idea of robbing the cathedral of St. Mark of some of its precious treasures. Having succeeded in concealing himself in the church until the doors were closed at night, he contrived to enter the treasury, and abstract, by degrees, its most valuable contents, which he hid in a vault underneath the steps of the cathedral. In the morning he took advantage of the unlocking of the doors to escape unobserved, amusing himself by wandering about the city during the day, and returning towards evening in time to be locked in as before. This continued for six nights, when, having added to his store of plunder the doge's cap, valued at more than 200,000 crowns, he prepared to decamp with his booty, but first, unluckily for himself, resolved on confiding his secret to his friend Gerio, likewise a Candian by birth.

Having brought him privately into his apartment, whither he had by this time transported the spoil, he proposed to share the whole with him. Gerio feigned compliance, and advised a speedy departure from Venice, adding, that he would arrange his own affairs as quickly as possible, and rejoin him.

Instead of this he went straight to the doge's palace, and, either from fear of discovery or scruples of conscience, reported the matter to the council, by whose orders Stamati was immediately arrested, and the treasure recovered. The criminal was condemned to be hung between the two columns on the piazza of St. Mark. He is said to have petitioned his judges that the rope might be gilt: but whether his request was granted is not recorded.

In the arsenal of Venice is shewn a curious dressing-case, containing six small cannon, which are so adjusted as to explode on the opening of the case. This is said to have been sent as a present to the Contessa Sacratì by Francesco Carrara, the last lord of Padua, famous, or rather infamous, for his cruelties. The unfortunate lady, little suspecting the nature of the *cadeau*, hastily touched the spring by which the box was opened, and immediately fell, shot through the heart.

In the armory are also preserved several pocket cross-bows and steel arrows, with which the same wretch was accustomed to amuse himself by killing or wounding all those against whom he bore a grudge, without their knowing from whence the blow came. He was strangled at Padua, in 1405, by a decree of the Venetian senate, as a fitting punishment for his abominable crimes.

The Venetian nobility of the ancient *regime* were divided into three classes: the first in rank were those whose ancestors were noble before the existence of the republic; the second class comprised all who had acquired their nobility by services done to the state; and the third consisted solely of those who had purchased their titles. Notwithstanding its *parvenu* origin, this last class obtained its fair share of honours and dignities, for, thanks to the sovereign influence of wealth, its possessors were frequently raised to the highest offices in the state, from which the poorer though more illustrious *nobili* were excluded.

Nevertheless, it has been said with truth that nowhere was poverty more respected than in Venice; and for the following reason. As all the nobility had a voice in the grand council, where every public functionary, even including the doge himself, was elected by vote, the rich nobles, who aspired to place and power, found it necessary to ingratiate themselves with their poorer brethren, one dissident voice being sufficient to blackball the most popular candidate. The Venetians tell the following story in illustration:—

A poor noble, before setting out on a journey, went to pay his farewell respects to his neighbour, a wealthy signor, and in the course of conversation begged him to lend him a travelling cloak; the signor, not foreseeing the consequences of his refusal, declined granting the request, and the poor noble was forced to shift as he could without a cloak. Some time afterwards, the doge dying, this same rich *magnifico* came forward as a candidate for the vacant honour. He was on the point of being elected, when the poor noble, who had meanwhile returned to Venice, entered the council-chamber, and was immediately accosted with many profound reverences by the obsequious candidate, and his vote solicited. "Signor," replied he, making if possible a lower reverence than the other, "*io staro senza fariol, e lei senza corno*—I will remain without a cloak, and you without a ducal cap!"

Travellers should be on their guard against the impositions

practised by Venetian picture-dealers, as even the most experienced connoisseur may easily be taken in by them. Not long ago, a gentleman visited a celebrated *dépôt* of paintings in this city, and, happening to fancy a particular picture, agreed, after some little bargaining with the dealer, to purchase it. All was settled, but the gentleman insisted on taking it home with him, having his gondola at hand. "What!" said the dealer, "have you any doubts of my sending you the original? Put your own seal on the back, and satisfy yourself." This was, however, declined by the purchaser, who, sending for his servant, ordered him to carry the picture down-stairs, in spite of the entreaties and remonstrances of the collector. Arriving at his hotel, the gentleman, after a close scrutiny, found a copy neatly inserted in the frame behind the original, which copy he would have sealed, had he suffered himself to be prevailed upon. Of course he kept both, the dealer, as may readily be imagined, never appearing to claim either.

In the sacristy of the Chiesa di SS. Giovanni e Paolo is a picture recording the following miracle:—Saint Dominic, arriving in port after a long voyage, found that he had no money to pay his passage; he, therefore, humbly besought the aid of Heaven, and his prayers were answered by the appearance of a large fish, which rose from the water, and passively surrendered itself into his hands. Regarding this as a signal mark of the divine favour, the saint took the fish, and opening it discovered a coin, by means of which he was enabled to discharge his debt.

Among the numerous mosaics in the cathedral of St. Mark, are representations of the four evangelists. Above the figure of St. Mark is written in old rhyming Latin—

"*Sit nobis, Marce, celesti gratus in arce;*"

and above that of St. Luke—

"*Quo lucet Lucas nos, Christe, piissime ducas.*"

In the same church are four lions also in mosaic, two represented on the water and two on the land; the former are fat and sleek, the latter miserably lean. These were intended by the artist as types of the Venetians themselves, the lion being their national emblem, thereby intimating that their prosperity and glory depended upon the sea-girt position of their city, which, if they relinquished for the land, their speedy decline would follow.

The following miracle is detailed in a volume anciently kept in the sacristy of St. Mark. On the completion of the Campanile, from the summit of which Galileo is said to have made astronomical observations, a workman employed in its erection lost his balance and fell from the top. Being endowed with sufficient presence of mind to invoke the aid of St. Mark, and inwardly vowing that in the event of his delivery, he would, for the future, devote himself to the service of the saint, he was miraculously supported by a beam jutting out from the tower, which impeded his further descent without injuring him, until by means of a rope let down from the summit, he reached *terra firma* in safety.

The legend adds that, mindful of his vow, he passed the remainder of his life in devout works, and *saluberrime diem clausit extremum*.

Nor can we resist:

#### YOUTH'S DIRGE.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

#### MANHOOD.

The Hours, the Hours, at play no more,  
Fling hyacinths o'er the skies;  
The Venus in the star of yore  
Is lost to weary eyes;  
The reeds still rustle in the air,  
The stream still glides along;  
But dim the Naiad's gleaming hair  
And mute Pan's lusty song!  
With wreaths, but wreaths of wither'd flowers,  
A spectre train emerge,  
O, pale-eyed shapes, are ye the Hours?  
Earth, hear their ghostly Dirge!

#### CHORUS OF THE HOURS.

Welladay, Youth is dead!  
Dead with his sweet Bride, Pleasure!  
With a heavy tread  
His wrinkled Heir, the Miser Care,  
Has come to seize his treasure;  
He seizes the Spendthrift's countless gold,  
And heaps it over with dust and mould!

#### SATURN.

Ever thus to Youth's bed  
Manhood's sighs knoll him!  
Age sighs for Manhood sped,—  
Death shall console him!

#### MANHOOD.

See, slowly lengthening, close the shades  
Along the slopes of Mirth!

Like sunlight from the water, fades  
The Beautiful from earth.  
Oh, blithe the carol heard but now,  
When green leaves freshly stirr'd!  
How heavy hangs the autumn bough!  
Oh, whither flies the bird?  
O Hours that went so arrow-fleet,  
And glow'd with heavenly bloom,  
How slowly drag your leaden feet,  
Dim Circles round a tomb!

## CHORUS OF HOURS.

Welladay, Youth is gone!  
Cruel rites were done o'er him;  
On his funeral stone  
His slaves were slain—that faithful train  
That scattered flowers before him!  
Laughter and Love, and Song and Jest,  
All with their King of the East at rest!

## SATURN.

Children, though Youth be sped,  
Wherefore deplore him?  
Death, while ye mourn the Dead,  
Comes—to restore him.

As a specimen of the better portion of the prose, we will extract a paper

## ON SOME EPITAPHS.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ. M.P.

It is now many years ago since I was detained a week at the small town of Otranto, in Calabria. The innkeeper told me "he knew its castle was very famous in English history, and was very sorry it had totally disappeared." There was, however, no want of ruins about the town; tombs and walls of the old Roman time, when Horace did not get quite so far south, content with Brindisi; churches and chapels of that later and stranger period, when the Northman added his fame and his art to Italian history, when above the very plain of Cannæ was raised the Gothic tomb of Boemond, whose epitaph concludes with—

"Non hominum possum dicere, nolo Deum."

In one of those deserted churches my attention was drawn to a slab of marble embedded in acanthus, and, with a wayward curiosity, I laboured till I had raised it once more to light; there was an inscription on it, which I deciphered with difficulty,—

"In eternam memoriam . . . ."

It broke off there, and the edges of the fragment ironically expressed the eternity of human memories.

We all know this; we all know with how little interest we regard the monuments that crowd our churches, and with how little care we clear away the mould from the "lasting tribute of affection," or disturb the spider-web round the head of the weeping cherub: how very seldom a tombstone is mended! how very seldom an effaced inscription restored! Let the dead die: it is well it should be so, when they who have known and loved the dead are gone too; when the builders of the tomb are themselves laid idle in another grave, let Time have his way here as elsewhere; and we must be content, if he good-humouredly allows our little struggles to hold him back a moment on his conquering way.

Let us raise such monuments as satisfy ourselves and our immediate descendants. My own feeling is strongly in favour of Latin inscriptions. There is something incisive and lapidary in the Latin language, in all its phases; the inscriptions on the Roman monuments and edifices of yesterday are as noble and as becoming as even those on a Scipio's tomb. Then, too, there appears to me to be a fit reserve in confining the record of one's affections within a certain sphere of observation, and to withdraw it, in some degree, from the criticism of the ignorant and unfeeling. In a small church on the banks of the Arno, at Pisa, there is a broad slab inscribed

"Mariæ Mancini pulvis et ossa."

What a proud humility in this epitaph! How it takes for granted that you know who the Mancini was, and feel what that was which now is dust and ashes! Within a few years the Roman conclave placed the tiara on the head of a great man: had Leo the Twelfth lived, the fame of the Tenth might have been overshadowed, and the intellectual sway of the Vatican better reconciled with the Christianity of this age than we can now hope to see; on his death-bed the pontiff dictated his epitaph, enjoining that he should be interred near the altar of St. Leo.

"S. Leoni Magno

Me supplex commendans,  
Hic apud sacras ejus cineres  
Locum sepulture elegi  
Leo XII. P. M.

Hæredum tanti nominis minimus."

The contrast of the two last lines is most impressive.

At Seefeld, in the Tyrol, I lit upon the epitaph of a village schoolmaster, which I thought beautiful:—

"Hic jacet . . . juvenutis Amator et Amor."

I read a Greek inscription in the burying-ground at Larisa, in Thessaly, which appeared to me worth copying; it was this,—

Εὐλαρία καὶ Ὠφελίμα, αἱ φιλάδελφοι, ἐνθάδε  
κείμεθα, . . . ταῦτα ὅπως ἔχει.

"Hilaria and Ophelima, two loving sisters, here we lie:  
So it is!"

There is an Italian epitaph, which should be remembered, if it were only for being a just tribute to so rare a character as an Italian statesman of modern times, who deserved well of his fellow-citizens:

"Qui giace Rospigliosi,

Il gentiluomo della Toscana.

In pessimi tempi poco sperando migliori

Non abbandonò ne l' amico

Ne il sovrano ne il stesso:

Esigliato, spogliato, proscritto,

Con Ferdinando Granduca stette solo.

Immutabile, inflessibile,

Vidde altri per altri mezzi alzarsi,

E gli compianse.

Passate, e, se degni siete, pregate per voi il riposo,

Che gode l' uomo giusto."

But alas! this inscription was the work of an Englishman,\* and never, I believe, inscribed.

Here is a French one, good in its way—date 1759:

"Cy git

François de Chenet,

Commandeur Grand Croix de l'ordre de St. Louis,

Gouverneur de Gibet et de Charlemont,

Général des Armées de Roy;

Sans ayeux, sans fortune, sans appui,

Orphelin de l'enfance,

Il entra au service à l'âge de xi. ans,

Il s'éleva malgré fortune à force de mérite,

Et chaque grade fut le prix d'une action d'éclat.

Le seul titre de Maréchal de France lui manqua,

Non pas à sa gloire, mais à l'exemple de ceux

Qui le prendront pour modèle."

I have seen few English epitaphs that satisfied me; the beginning of Lord Bolingbroke's is fine:—

"Here lies

Henry St. John, in the reign of Queen Anne

Sec. of War, Sec. of State, and Viscount Bolingbroke.

In the days of King George the First and King George the Second,

Something more and better."

The rest is weak, and not more true.

It may be from the language being one's own, but it always seems to me so difficult, to be at once earnest and epigrammatic, that I never would undertake to write an English epitaph; yet I saw one the other day, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey which might bring tears into any eye. There was the name and the date, and under it—

"Deare childe."

No more.

There is an inscription in the churchyard of Lanercost Abbey that should not be forgotten:—

"Sir Rowland Vaux, that sometime was Lord of Triermain,

Is dead, his body clad in lead, and lies under this stane;

Even as we, even so was he, on earth a levan man,

Even as he, so maun we be, for all the craft we can."

The melody of that name rung in the ear of the young Coleridge, and the hero of "Christabel" was thus designated.

The humorous epitaph is disagreeable to most minds, for one does not clearly understand who can have written it—at least, not the mourner. Yet a play upon words is not always ridiculous; there is surely a pathos in Cotton Mather's sepulchral record of his dear friend and colleague, well known in the controversial annals of New England divinity:

"Ralphius Partridge, avolvit die. . ."

We may feel, too, a certain grim diversion in the involuntary absurdity that breaks out sometimes among the tombs; for example, the Pesaro,

"Ex nobilissimâ inter Venetos

In nobiliorem Angelorum familiam translatus,"

could hardly have said so good a thing about himself in his lifetime.

\* Mr. Landor, whose Latin epitaphs are unexceeded in force and beauty.

In the pompous style, the "Circumspice" of Sir Christopher Wren, and the "Sta, Sol, ne movear," of Copernicus, are the best I know. In the other extreme, Wordsworth's sonnet has immortalized the "Miserrimus" in Lichfield Cathedral.

There is neither tomb nor epitaph over the Duke of Marlborough, in Westminster Abbey. Was the projected monument so magnificent that it has never been erected? It seems singular that this should not have been the care of the proud Sarah's widowhood.

The *Historical Annual* is a work altogether of a higher class. Its singularly clever illustrations we have already noticed; but the narrative is a composition of very considerable merit. It commences where the former volume concluded, with the campaign in the west in 1644, and closes with the terrible catastrophe of the death of CHARLES. Mr. CATTERMOLÉ is an elegant historian, and he possesses the happy art of bringing before the eyes of his readers the very persons and places he describes; men live and breathe in his pages; the past revives, and we are carried back to the scenes of the civil war, by the magic of his pen almost as perfectly as by the power of his brother's (?) pencil. He cannot, however, boast of impartiality. Instead of the calm judgment of the historian, he carries into his compositions the passions of a partisan; not merely leading him to the suppression of facts on one side, but to an unconscious colouring of those on the other. This gives earnestness, and, therefore, interest as a book for reading, but detracts from its value as a book for study. But this is a pardonable, perhaps a necessary, fault in a work that addresses itself to the drawing-room lounge, who would be more taken by the eloquent pleading of an advocate than by the cold essay of a severe, passionless judge. Mr. CATTERMOLÉ has certainly succeeded better than any of our English writers of historical narrative in catching the spirit of the old chroniclers, and revivifying the past, which he does by accumulating minute details of dress and sayings and doings, by means of which not only is an air of reality given to his pictures, but they are seized upon by the imagination, and remembered when the broad outlines of the less laborious artist have faded away. The French have of late set some excellent examples of this sort of gossiping narrative, which our fathers deemed degrading to the dignity of history, but which our generation, with more natural, and, therefore, as we affirm, with better taste, applaud; because we feel, as we read, that it gives us a better notion of the times we are studying than the aforesaid dignity has condescended to impart to us. We hope that this narrative will hereafter be published in another and cheaper form. Its merits deserve a formal review, but that in its character of an annual we must not give to it. In a different shape, with the addition of the preceding volume, and such materials as must have been rejected from both to enable the author to fit a prescribed number of pages, Mr. CATTERMOLÉ might produce a narrative of the Civil Wars, which would vie with the histories of THIERRY in the absorbing interest that proceeds from the manner of their telling.

Materials for extract abound in a volume so full of anecdote and personal adventure as this; but our crowded columns forbid more than one passage, which we take almost at random, to exhibit the author's style:—

#### THE FLIGHT FROM OXFORD.

Charles hastily acquainted his council that it was his intention without delay to quit Oxford, but not on what design; leaving them to surmise that he meant to put in practice a romantic scheme which had sometimes been the subject of his discourse—viz. to throw himself naked into the midst of friends and foes in London, and leave the rest to Providence and the remains of the ancient English loyalty. At dead of night, April 27, 1645, he took a final farewell of that spot, so dear to his heart, the solemn groves, the antique towers, the noiseless streets of Oxford—fit capital for the empire of a learned and sorrow-stricken king!

The stroke of three was quivering through the keen atmosphere of the early spring morning, when the same number of horsemen, crossing Magdalen Bridge, reached the gateway that opened upon the London road. Here the party halted; and one of them spoke, in low tones, to a military personage, apparently in charge of the portal. "Let not a post," he said, "be opened, until five days be passed." The other returned an earnest assent. It was the King, giving his last order to Sir Thomas Glemham, Governor of Oxford. The three cavaliers passed on. "Farewell, Harry!" exclaimed the Governor. Nor could any thing be observed in the King's appearance which betrayed inconsistency in this familiar adieu. For Charles, habited as a serving-man, with clipped beard and shorn locks, wearing a Spanish cap

of the period, and having in charge a cloak-bag, followed his favourite attendant Ashburnham; while Hudson, covered with a military mantle, personated a captain going to London about his composition—in those times a traveller's frequent errand. Only Hudson and Ashburnham were armed. Notwithstanding this dangerously-decisive step, Charles was still unresolved in what direction to proceed,—whether, in pursuance of the plan lately in agitation, to cast himself upon the protection of the Scots; to revive the favourite project of attempting to join Montrose; or to dare the greater hazard of making his appearance in the metropolis. The choice among these fearful projects he left to be decided by such information as he might casually pick up on the road. To what dangers the King's unexpected flight exposed his person, soon began to be apparent.

The travellers encountered a party of the Parliamentary troopers, who inquired to whom they belonged? "To the honourable House of Commons," was the satisfactory reply. Another soldier coming up with them, and observing Ashburnham unusually free in the distribution of money, "Is your master," he demanded of the King, "one of the Lords of Parliament?" "No," answered the counterfeit groom, "my master is of the Lower House."

We close this volume with a hearty recommendation of it to our readers, as of more permanent value than an annual, for it will yield them more instruction, and a great deal of amusement, provided it be perused with the remembrance of those partialities we have noted, and which certainly reflect more honour upon the heart than upon the head of the author.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Revelations of Russia; or, the Emperor Nicholas and his Empire in 1844.*

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

WE turn again to this deeply interesting work, which we have heard ascribed to the pen of Mr. SMYTHE, one of the most promising scions on YOUNG ENGLAND. We closed the former notice with an account of the infamous police system of Russia. Now for some specimens of its doings:—

There is a lady still living who was stepping out of her carriage in her ball dress, when she was quietly handed into a sledge—her destination was Siberia. When the long journey was accomplished, she was located—she knew not in what region or government—in a hut containing two rooms, each divided from the other, and leading into two separate yards, each a few paces square, and surrounded by a high wall which only admitted the light of heaven. A sentinel was mounting guard outside the walls; her coarse food was brought by a silent jailer, and here she remained for two years. At the expiration of this term, the door of the yard was one day opened, and a prisoner was thrust in to her, who turned out to be a Polish nobleman, who had been long confined in the adjoining cell, but was now removed to make room for another. In this room or den, she lived with her unfortunate companion for twelve years more, ignorant alike of the spot of earth she was inhabiting, and of the cause of her being banished thither. One morning her door was thrown open, a voice called for number so-and-so—by which, in the rare intervals of months and even years elapsing between the occasions on which her jailers answered her or spoke to her, they had been accustomed to address her. She stepped forward; the door was closed without her even having time to take leave of her companion, whom she never saw again; she was hurried into a sledge; she retraced the journey of many months, and one night found herself in the office of the grand master of police; a little cupboard was thrown open, and she was presented with the identical ball-dress which had been taken from her on the night of her exile; the jewels, indeed, were gone, but there was not a bow, a flower, or a piece of lace of its blackened and faded frippery wanting; even the withered nosegay and the fan, in which a long generation of spiders or brown beetles had nestled, were carefully restored to her. She was thenceforward at liberty. This lady never knew the cause of her punishment or of its cessation. "And did you never make the inquiry?" "What, be so long in Siberia, and not yet have learned discretion!" "And what was said on your reappearance in society?" "Nothing; those who had known me formerly made no comment: to those who inquired, 'Who is Madame?—where



is she from? where has she always lived?' it was simply answered, '*Madame—demeure depuis beaucoup d'années sur ses terres*,'—she has long been buried amidst her estates."

Another, which is said to have occurred only some four or five years since, will impress the reader with a more distinct notion of the terrors of this awful instrument of despotism. A nobleman had offended the Government, or excited its fears:—

One morning an officer of gendarmerie presented himself in his drawing-room, and, with the greatest urbanity, desired him to follow him to the chancery of Count Benkendorff. When the pale blue uniform of the officers or privates of this corps, who are the avowed and ostensible sbirri of the secret police, are once seen crossing the threshold, a visit from the angel of death alighting there could cause no greater consternation. He obeyed, as every one must do in such a case; and leaving his family a prey to their terrors, he stepped into a sledge with his dreaded visitant. He did not return that day, nor the next, nor the day following; his relatives were meanwhile assured that he was safe, that he had powerful friends and protectors, and that he would soon be restored to them. Thus six months of anxiety passed away; towards the middle of the seventh, the officer again made his appearance, but in such guise as to be hardly recognized by those nearest and dearest to him; his ruddy cheeks were livid, his rotund body wasted into angularity, the merry sparkle of his eye was gone, and its brightness quenched for ever in his terror. He did not complain of his treatment—on the contrary, it had just been proved to him that it was monitory and friendly. Nevertheless, it had reduced him to this condition. He narrated as follows:—Shortly after leaving his home, he was placed in a dark apartment. At nightfall, he was ironed and placed in a sort of box upon a sleigh, such as is occasionally used in winter to transport prisoners; a grating at the top let in the faint light reflected from the snow, but allowed no view of the scenery through which the speed of horses was hurrying him the whole night through. An hour or two before daybreak, the vehicle stopped; he was blindfolded and led into a fresh resting-place. Through the whole of the next night he was carried along in a similar manner, arriving to sleep in a dark dungeon, and being again hurried forward on a road which his fears told him, beyond the consolations of hope, to be that of Siberia. Thus, night after night and day after day elapsed; the former in speeding towards the fearful solitude, the latter in reposing as well as he could from the fatigues of his arduous journey. The dark nights became moonlight; the moon waned again; and again the night became moonlight; and he was still forced to hasten on uninterruptedly, without having seen one furlong of the way. The faint light of the moonless winter's night, piercing through the narrow aperture which afforded air to his vehicle, now enabled him to distinguish the objects it contained, so well had his eyes become accustomed to the utter darkness in which he was kept during the day. Like all people, too, deprived of vision, after many weeks he learned to substitute for it a sense which the eye-sight often leaves comparatively dormant—that of discerning things by touch and feeling. He had no opportunity of making any observations on the road he was travelling; but the interior of his cage he knew plank by plank, nail by nail, and it might almost be said straw by straw. \* \* \* \* \*

He was struck with the utter monotony and sameness of these places of relay—struck, after travelling some thousand wersts, to find one dungeon resembling another so closely that every brick and stone was disposed precisely like another. On one occasion he left a piece of the hard brown crust of his rye bread, marked in a peculiar manner with his teeth. To his utter surprise at the end of his night's journey, he found a crust perfectly similar in the dungeon in which he was lodged. He now began to doubt his own senses; sometimes he fancied he was insane; sometimes he conceived the unutterably fearful idea that he was somehow doomed to a dark and unrelieved monotony, which was to extend to the merest trifles, and that this was a means of moral torture, of which, as he approached Siberia, he was experiencing a foretaste. It is strange to say that, with these causes of suspicion, it was not till many weeks after that the thought flashed across his mind—a thought which he discarded as an illusion, but which at last came breaking in upon him like a ray of light—that he had never moved from the same environs, and had returned to sleep every night in the

same spot. Such in fact proved to be the case; night after night, for months, he had been hurried along the same road, to return to the same cell. It must be remembered that this was not a punishment, but only a friendly warning, to deter a man in whom some one in power felt an interest, from incurring it.

No man can hope to escape the vigilance of these functionaries.

The passport-office is comprised in the institution of the high police; and through its intermedium every individual above the peasantry is registered. Annexed to the duplicate of his registry, is a compilation of all the reports, collected by all the spies who have come across him during his life, with their original observations, notes, and denunciations, all arranged with such admirable order and regularity, that in St. Petersburg and Moscow, within a few hours, the superintendent of police can become acquainted with the most secret actions of his life, together with the opinions he is supposed to entertain, or, at least, the sentiments he has avowed. There is thus many an individual who imagines himself utterly beneath the notice of Government, to whose name, in its black registry, are appended whole manuscript volumes upon volumes of secret information. Cordial acquaintances, dear friends, servants, and slaves, and too often relatives, have consciously or unconsciously contributed to swell the mass.

It is a saying in Russia that "man forgets and God forgives; but the secret police neither forgets nor forgives." Its surveillance follows the Russian into the very drawing-rooms of London and Paris. He cannot escape from its Argus eyes go where he will.

With such officials, steeped to the lips in corruption, the moral condition of the people may be readily imagined. It is at the very lowest ebb. Crime abounds, because it can always purchase impunity. When the ice breaks up in the Neva hundreds of dead bodies float from it into the Gulf of Finland; the hideous witnesses to murders that have passed unnoticed. The police-offices themselves have been more than once converted into dens for robbery and assassination. We cannot refrain from extracting one case which the author says was proved against the parties:—

An old gentleman, in a precarious state of health, arrived a little after the new year from Moscow, at the London Hotel, on the Isaac's Plain. He fell ill, and as he had apparently no friends in Petersburg, the police doctor was called in to attend him, who recommended a nurse. Feeling himself get suddenly much worse, he wrote a letter to his nephew at Moscow, stating that he had been taken ill, and that he had that day experienced such extraordinary sensations, that he doubted much whether he would live till his arrival. He entreated him not to delay his departure for an instant; and informed him, should he have breathed his last before he could reach St. Petersburg, of the full amount of the property he had left behind him, which was rather considerable, and chiefly in "bank obligations," of which he gave him the numbers and a minute description. In a few hours after, he was a corpse; and the major of the quarter, who was watching the event, having examined his effects, ordered him to be buried.

A few days subsequently to these circumstances, the nephew arrived in St. Petersburg. On inquiring for his uncle, he was informed that he was dead, that the major of the quarter had declared that he had not left property enough to defray the expenses of his funeral, and that, in consequence, he had been buried in the shell of a common pauper. The nephew went to the bank, and having ascertained that his uncle's statement was perfectly correct, he requested them to detain the bearer of the bills bearing the numbers which had been transmitted to him, as a person holding stolen property. A few days after, a man presented himself to get several of them cashed. When taken into custody, he prevaricated in his account of the manner in which he had obtained them, asserting at first that he had found them, until he was at last induced to confess that he had been sent by the *chastnoi pristoff*. On receiving this intelligence, the nephew of the deceased went straight to the military governor, with whom he had sufficient influence to cause the domicile of the police-officer to be searched, before he was apprized of the arrest of his agent;

and here the missing bills were discovered. The major of the quarter, as soon as he found that the nurse was being interrogated, swallowed a dose of arsenic; his life was however saved by the timely application of the stomach-pump, and, subsequently, to the surprise of every one, he was pardoned by the Emperor.

One more instance of police *espionnage* :—

In another case, in the privacy of a very small circle, a young officer repeats some humorous lines he had composed, in which he facetiously calls on the Emperor to favour him with an *ukase* for some particular purpose, since *ukases* were promulgated on every subject ;—the lines terminating with—

Tout se fait par ukase, ici  
C'est par ukase que l'on voyage,  
C'est par ukase que l'on rit.

The next morning, before he was up, he was sent for to Count Benkendorff's office. "My young friend," said the Count, "you have got a very pretty talent for writing verses, we hear. We must send you to cultivate the Muses in solitude for a few years. You recited some very charming poetry last night, in which you contemplated the possibility of a journey. I announce it to you. (Vous avez prévu un voyage. Eh bien ! je vous l'annonce.)" The Feld Jaegar and his post wagon were waiting at the door to convey him into exile.

An excellent story is told of the Emperor and an Exquisite.

A certain Jakovleff, one of the wealthiest men in Russia, and proprietor of the most productive iron-works, presuming on his wealth, as people are apt to do, was supposed to have shewn a tone too independent to be tolerated, in having evaded such honours and offices as it was supposed his fortune would invest with *éclat*. A man who indulges in any illusions of any sort of independence in Russia is, however, soon made sensible of the chain to his leg. He was refused permission to travel. He had three or four hundred thousand pounds in the national bank; but when he attempted to draw out a large sum at once, it was intimated that he could not be allowed to do so, unless he could shew very satisfactorily what he intended to do with it. As a peace-offering, he placed one of his sons in the chevalier guards, where, after some years' service, he was appointed to superintend the purchase of regimental horses. It is customary in all the regiments of the guards to intrust this commission to young men of fortune, as an economical means of getting expensive horses at a cheap rate. They have a year's leave of absence granted them, and usually at the expiration of this time are promoted; but they are expected to bring back no animals which are not worth about double the regimental price, so that an undertaking of this nature usually costs them from one to several thousand pounds. Jakovleff acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of the colonel; but, nevertheless, he was not promoted. As soon as it was possible to do so, naturally not much enamoured with the service after this, he left it; but he also was, and has been ever since, refused permission to travel. Obligated thus to remain at home, Jakovleff consoled himself by going the full length of Anglo and Gallo-mania, and whilst in this state of mind was one day disporting in the Newsky Prospect, in all the glorious foppery of the most *outré* Parisian costume; on his head was a little peaked hat, resembling a flower-pot reversed; a handkerchief, with a gigantic bow, was tied around his neck; a cloak, so short that it seemed a cape, was thrown over his shoulders; on his chin he wore a beard "à la Henri Quatre." He had an enormous oaken cudgel in his hand, a glass stuck in the corner of his eye, and a bull-dog following at his heels. As he was sauntering complacently along the broad pavement of this St. James's-street of St. Petersburg, the Emperor's carriage drove past; and abruptly stopping short, the Emperor himself leaned out, and beckoning the beau to approach him, "Pray," said Nicholas, eyeing him with humorous curiosity, "who, in God's name, are you, and where do you come from?" "May it please your Majesty, I have the honour to be your Majesty's faithful subject, *Save Saveitch* Jakovleff." "Indeed," replied the Emperor, with mock gravity; "we are enchanted to have the opportunity of making your acquaintance, *Save Saveitch*. Oblige us by just stepping up and taking a seat beside us." Jakovleff slyly let drop his cudgel, and with some misgivings took his seat. "But stop," said the Emperor,

who had not noticed this proceeding at first, when they had driven on a little way, "where is your stick, *Save Saveitch*?" "Oh, never mind the stick, your Majesty." "Oh, we must have your stick, *Save Saveitch*. Turn back," he said to the coachman. The stick was picked up, and the Emperor gave orders to drive on straight to the palace. He alighted, and beckoned to the dandy to follow him. "Oh, no, *Save Saveitch*, don't take off your cloak; we must have you just as you are—hat, stick, and cloak, and all." The Emperor led the way straight to the apartment of the Empress. "Pray, my dear," he inquired of her, "do you know who this is?" "No," replied the Empress, bursting into a fit of laughter at the sight of the extraordinary figure before her. "Then allow me to inform you, this is our faithful subject, *Save Saveitch* Jakovleff. What do you think of him? is he not a pretty fellow?" The unfortunate beau, whose feelings may be conceived, after furnishing food for some moments' merriment, was dismissed, half dead with terror and confusion; but before he departed, he was admonished that the Emperor did not always punish the foolery of his subjects so leniently. Lenient, however, the punishment inflicted by this harmless ridicule proved not to have been, for the man went home, took to his bed, and fell very dangerously ill, from the consequence of the fright and mortification he had endured. We will make no comment on this transaction; for after the first smile at reproved foppery, it will furnish the reader with sufficiently grave reflections.

Russia has been lauded for her toleration in religious matters, and it is true that not only is freedom of opinion permitted, but the Government will give a stipend for the support of the religious worship of any Christian sect that pleases to form a congregation; but this is policy, not principle, and the Emperor plays the absolute despot with the Greek, which is the State Church. The present Emperor has even taken upon himself to decide what are, and what are not, relics.

The army of Russia amounts, *upon paper*, to 1,057,000 men; but in the field it would be found vastly to fall short of this complement. The soldiers are represented as poorly clad and barely fed, and treated more like brutes than human beings. They are entirely without moral courage, and have a great dread of the charge of the bayonet; but they are patient and obedient, the virtues of slaves.

The navy consists of 115 vessels, mounting upwards of 7,500 guns, and manned by about 50,600 men.

We have not space to follow the author through his interesting details of Russian commerce, and his sketch of the progress and prospects of the huge empire; these may better be read in the volumes, which we heartily recommend to every library and book-club. We might easily have gathered from them ten times more of interesting matter than we have laid before our readers; many topics which the author has treated at great length, we have passed without notice, and of others we could no more than indicate the subject. It is, indeed, a book which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the most superficial reader, and to make us all value, more than ever, the blessings of free institutions, and the regulated liberty that is the honest pride of Britons. We confess, that the more we read and see of other countries, the more we love and respect our own.

*Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles.* London, 1844.  
J. Burns.

ABSURD as it may seem, we hail the appearance of this volume as one symptom, and that not the least significant, of a reaction from the mania of ten years since for cramming a child, as soon as it could speak, with solemn pedantry, which was falsely called *useful* knowledge, and whose sole effect was to produce that most detestable of all deformities, the old head upon young shoulders. That this system has signally failed in effecting the design of education, which is to make us better and happier beings, every day's experience proves. Not alone, therefore, will young masters and mistresses, but many papas and mammas cordially thank Mr. Burns for having bethought

himself of their hard case, condemned to books full of long scientific words, which, after they had tortured the memory withal, they could not possibly understand, and reprinting for their especial use the good old nursery rhymes that have charmed the childhood of millions, who grew up, and lived, and died not one whit less grave, and learned, and good men, than if instead thereof they had been condemned when children to make a sport of philosophy and a toy of science.

But this volume of Mr. BURNS is not such as we remember to have hugged in our childhood—a little square, punchy book, with very rude type, and wood-cuts still more rude—wherein Jack and Gill were depicted rolling down a hill, not so big as themselves, and it was difficult to determine whether the flock in the distance for which Little Bopeep was seeking, was of sheep or swine. Mr. BURNS has brought out his edition of *Nursery Rhymes and Jingles* in a dress befitting the advanced state of art, and the more luxurious tastes of these times. Here they appear in a dress that might become the graceful strains of MOORE. They are printed on the best paper in the handsomest type, and lavishly, and we may add superbly, adorned with woodcuts from designs by some artist who, though nameless, has talents that must make him known.

Some may be inclined to ridicule this bountiful expenditure of original talent upon the illustration of *Nursery Rhymes*; the old rude unshapely cuts they may deem to be good enough for children. We protest against such a doctrine. It is of immense importance that the eye should be habitually trained to the true and the beautiful in art; thus it is that the taste is formed and cultivated, which in after-life is never lost, but becomes to its possessor "a joy for ever." Place this volume in the hand of a child, and when he has conned it substitute another, such as illustrated children's books are wont to be, and mark how he will fling the latter aside with contempt, conscious of deformities he had not noticed before! The philosophy of *Nursery Rhymes* is a subject which we could discourse upon through a goodly essay, and some day we hope to try our hand upon it; but, for the present, we must be content with appealing to the recollections of our readers, whether they did not love these rhymes when they were young, and, assuming that Jingles, which so charmed them, will delight their children, we would warmly recommend this edition as beyond all compare the best that can be procured, because it will serve higher ends than mere amusement, in the cultivation of tastes that will cling to the mind through life, and make their possessor a happier, a better, and a nobler being.

*Guide to the Madeiras, Azores, British and Foreign West Indies, Mexico, and Northern South America, &c. &c.* By JOHN OSBORNE, Passenger Department, London Office. Second edition. London, 1844. Simpkin and Co.

THIS volume is stuffed with information on every topic that could be required by persons purposing to visit either of the countries named in the title-page. Mr. OSBORNE enjoys peculiar advantages for procuring facts, and he has turned them to good account. The contents comprise tables of the fares by the packets, of the intercolonial fares, plans of routes, regulations for passengers, freights, foreign customs regulations, directions where and how to apply for berths, and descriptions of the voyage and of the places at which the ship will touch, and of the sights to be seen there; instructions as to the climate, and for the preservation of health; brief, but graphic, accounts of Madeira, and of each of the West India islands, and so forth, compressing into the compass of a convenient volume the knowledge of a multitude of guide-books. Mr. OSBORNE rivals Mr. MURRAY in the art of making himself useful to travellers, and to all about to visit either of the localities of which he treats, we can confidently commend him.

Some clever woodcuts illustrate the text.

*Bird Architecture.* By JAMES RENNIE. London, 1844. Knight and Co.

*The Elephant, principally viewed in relation to Man.* A new edition revised. London, 1844. Knight and Co.

THESE are a portion of the series of *Knight's Weekly Volumes*, reprints, with some revision, of two of the most popular works in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Both are delightful books for children, while "the child of larger growth" will

reap from them a great deal of interesting and novel information. They are profusely illustrated. We shall love Nature the more when we learn, from such works as these, the wonderful adaptation of means to ends, the care with which God has provided for the wants of all his creatures.

#### FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

"To shew the very age and body of the time,  
His form and pressure."

BERLIN.—Great expectations are raised here about the appearance of a new work by Baron HUMBOLDT, entitled *Cosmos*. For some years past this great *savant* had rather swerved into ideas and thoughts of a philosophical and political character, and he seems to feel, that amongst the breaking up of one system of civilization and the starting of another, merely scientific occupations (*purement scientifiques*, as he calls them in his last work on America), cannot completely absorb the time of the really great thinker. These considerations, therefore, have increased, if anything can, public expectation; as some believe that his *Cosmos* will be a new system of Cosmogony, compiled after and adapted to our present advanced state of physical science. We shall consider it our duty to bring a review of the *Cosmos* to the notice of the readers of THE CRITIC at the earliest opportunity.

The Chevalier SPONTINI, author of the *Vestale*, *Fernand Cortez*, &c. who on the fall of NAPOLEON had found a generous reception at the Court of Prussia, but got himself entangled (we think by his own fault) into a variety of unpleasant misunderstandings, has been again restored to the favour of the King.

PARIS.—We are happy to acquaint our readers with the early appearance of another great work by another great man, DE LA MARTINE. This poet-politician (if we may venture to coin this new English combination of character) has devoted several years to a work entitled *Historical-political Studies*, which is now on the eve of publication. We should think that it will be somewhat similar in character to the historical sketches of one of the champions of *Young England*; we mean the Hon. Mr. Smyth.

AUSTRIA.—*Novel and efficacious Mode of preventing the Forging of Bank Notes and other Public Securities.* The privileged National Bank of Austria has resorted to a means most expedient to guard against the above contingency. We have been favoured with the sight of some recently printed notes of the Austrian Bank, which are, in design and execution, real objects of art; ornaments of the chastest and most exquisite designs, an antique female head representing Austria, emblems, &c.—every thing of a superior style and workmanship, making it impossible for any cobbler even to attempt a forgery. They contrast advantageously with the notes of the Bank of England, which seem to be made on purpose to tempt counterfeit.

The *Augsburg Gazette* (*Allgemeine Zeitung*).—This daily German newspaper, the largest and most comprehensive at the present time, which has circulated for several years past from 30,000 to 40,000 copies a day, is about to undergo some organic modification. Its absolutist and Popish tendency has been of late so palpably developed, that it refused even insertion to a letter addressed by the King of Prussia to the Protestant Gustav-Adolph Association. We may probably insert shortly a history of this newspaper, cited, like none others, every day by the English press.

BERENGER.—According to the *Revue de Paris*, the said national poet is occupied in his retreat in completing a volume of poems he has written since 1830. CHATEAUBRIAND, LAMARTINE, and LAMENNAIS, have besought him to publish them; but he has answered, that they shan't see the light until his eyes are closed. It is said that he is also engaged in preparing a large work, entitled *Dictionnaire National*, which, however, shall and will not appear until after his demise.

LIVING NEAPOLITAN POETS.—Notwithstanding the late invasions of this charming land by meddling foreign armies, the spirit and mind of the nation has not been yet subdued. The following is an abridged list of living Neapolitan poets:—FRANCESCO RUFFO, author of several tragedies and lyrics of the first order; CESARE DELLA VALLE, Duke of Ventignano, whose *Medea* has been performed through the whole of Italy. GIUSEPPE CAMPAGNA has written *Giuliano Apostata*, acknowledged to be a great work. Amongst the ladies, ROSA TADDEI and MARIA GIUSEPPA GUACCI-NOBILE are the most renowned. But we shall take up shortly Italian literature to a commensurate degree, for the satisfaction of those of our readers who have seen this charming land, and such as are inclined to do so.

COLOGNE.—This is one of the first cities of the Prussian monarchy, where the call of the Central Society of Berlin for the formation of Associations for the welfare of the Working Classes, has been responded to, and a numerous attended meeting of citizens took place on the 10th last. Most probably all these associations in the provinces will affiliate themselves with the mother society of the metropolis, by which a grand universal and



well-organized activity and exertion are to be hoped-for. It has been proclaimed at the above meeting, that for the sake of obtaining a corresponding result, not only the *physical* but also the *moral* wants of the working class must be attended to. The resolution also, that men of the latter class should be admitted on the committee, is a wise resolution, and essential to success. [Are there none to be found in this country to originate at once a plan similar to that of our Prussian neighbours?—ED. CRITIC.]

The *Constitutionnel* and the *Gazette de France* broach the question, whether it would not be expedient to call an assembly of the French clergy to be formed into a national council?—[Yes.—ED.]

BAVARIA.—*Royal Poets*.—One of the just published German annuals contains two poems, one by his Majesty the King, the other by H. R. H. the Crown Prince of Bavaria. We highly approve of this mingling of royalty amongst the phalanx of the *litterati* and thinkers of the age; nearly all great monarchs, from Julius Cæsar downward, having been more or less authors. The poem of the king is an apostrophe to the Sisters of Charity, in the usual strain of his Majesty's writings—full well known to every amateur of German literature. The poem of H. R. H. the Prince of Bavaria exhibits a certain freshness and buoyancy of spirit, which we like to find in a grandson of the sterling and unsophisticated old king Maximilian Joseph, the father-in-law of Eugène Beauharnais. Considering as we do, his royal highness one of *Young Bavaria*, we shall follow his literary exploits with especial care, and introduce to our readers the translation of some of the royal poet's productions at an early period.

REFORM OF THE JEWISH SABBATH.—The *Archives Israélites* of October last contain an article signed "Zaphardy" (a French Jew), where the author proposes, on grounds historical, astronomical, and social, to change the Jewish Sabbath to the Christian Sunday. We consider such a measure very beneficial to the interests of both parties, as it would amalgamate our Jewish brethren with the majority of the people amongst whom they live. The *Archives Israélites* is patronized by the French Government, the King and most of the secretaries of state subscribing for this journal, devoted to the moral and social improvement of its co-religionists. We shall probably find room, at some early occasion, to revert to the *Archives Israélites*,—no doubt the best Jewish periodical of the present time.

YOUNG PRUSSIA.—The king gave lately a dinner-party at Berlin, to which all the heads of the religious professions were invited. The Protestant bishops of the different denominations, and last, but not least, the rabbis of the Jewish profession. At the great festival given at Potsdam, in celebration of the first *Prussian National Exhibition of Industry*, 800 people, many amongst them manufacturers, ay, and petty manufacturers, were invited to the royal board. [This is as it ought to be; merit is merit for a' that.—ED.]

NATIONAL RECEPTION OF AN AUTHOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY IN HUNGARY.—Dr. List, the author of the great work, *System of National Economy*, whom some English critics (!) consider an antagonist of this country, merely because he advocates that most obvious principle, viz. "Charity begins at home," has met with an extraordinary reception in the above country. The object of Dr. List's journey is a semi-official one, as he is the editor of the *Journal of the Zollverein* (Zoll-Vereins-Blatt), namely, to examine the resources of this vast realm, and to report on its capabilities as an abode for the redundant population (!!) of Germany. On his arrival at Vienna, the Board of the Danube Steam Navigation Company have given orders to convey him and his attendants anywhere he chooses to go free of expense. At Pressburg and Pesth he has been received *en cérémonie* by the Lord Lieutenant, the Presidents of the different boards, and introduced to such of the nobility and gentry as may be able to enlighten or assist his praiseworthy endeavours of rescuing Germany from the awful evils and dangers of—*over-population*.

## MUSIC.

*Hark, the Sabbath Bells are Pealing!* Words by R. C. GIDLEY; Music by EDWIN FLOOD. London. Lee. THE words of this song breathe a sweet sentiment; which the composer has infused into his music. It is one of those pretty little airs which please the family circle, and are within the capacity of every young lady who ventures upon a song.

### MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE STUDY OF MUSIC IN DENMARK.—The official journal of Copenhagen contains two decrees by the King for the encouragement of the study of music. The first orders the creation of a royal conservatory of music for fifty pupils, destined for a national opera; the second orders that music and singing shall be taught in all the schools of the towns, and as much as possible in those of the villages.

A letter from Berlin states, that Meyerbeer's new opera, *The Camp of Silesia*, was about being immediately produced. M. Mendelssohn Bartholdy was about to leave for London. Spontini had been restored to the King's favour.

PARISH ALVARS.—This celebrated harpist is leaving Vienna for Naples, where he will pass the winter. He has just completed a new concerto, and a symphony for the orchestra; at present he is employed on a pianoforte concerto, which is expressly intended for Madame Ducloux.

## ART.

*A Series of Illustrations to SINTRAM and HIS COMPANIONS; A Romance by the late Baron DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE. Drawn on wood by HENRY C. SELOUS, Esq.; and engraved by CHARLES GRAY. London, 1844. James Burns, 17, Portman-street.*

It is chiefly by his admirable romance, *Undine*, that the Baron DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE is known to the generality of English readers. But he has written several other fictions deserving of attention, which, though perhaps they fall short of the absorbing interest that seizes at the commencement and possesses to its end the reader of that most fascinating romance, are equal to it in originality of construction, and in wild and wondrous imagery, no less than in the graphic power and bold colouring with which every incident and scene are dashed in.

Among the best of these is *Sintram and his Companions*—a romance of a totally distinct class from *Undine*; but which, if less pathetic, and less winning on the heart's sympathies, has more of the preternatural and surprising to recommend it. The illustration of this romance could not have been confided to better hands than those of Mr. SELOUS. The bold flights of imagination, in which the author so frequently indulges, are akin to the genius of the artist, and the result has been the production of a series of designs which for originality of conception, skilful drawing, expression, and beauty of composition, it may be safely affirmed, have been unequalled in this country. One only objection have we to make, and that is against the engraver. We know not whether he is the artist who executed the woodcuts for Mr. SELOUS's illustrations to the *Pilgrim's Progress*, though we should say he is; since the same fault as we formerly objected to, when noticing those designs—namely, that the blocks are over-worked—is occasionally visible here. Yet, despite of this, taken altogether, these illustrations are unique and admirable. We need only invite attention to "*Sintram and Folko*," "*The Death of Biorn*," "*Sintram, Engeltram de Montfaucon*," and "*The Knight, Death, and Satan*," to win assent to the above opinion.

We learn from a notice at the end of the work that it is the intention of the publisher to bring out a uniform edition of the works of FOUQUE, with a sketch of his life. Convinced of the merit of these romances, and of the entertainment they will certainly afford their readers, we wish well to the undertaking. Already several have appeared, which, though brought out with all the recommendations of superior paper and typography, are published at a low sum; and now that Christmas is approaching, we advise such of our readers as love the agreeable excitement of a superior romance—and who does not?—to amuse the winter evenings with those of FOUQUE.

### DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS IN PARIS.—Mr. Mitchell, of Bond-street, has completed his arrangements for the performance of English plays at the Theatre Italienne, at Paris, the principal members of the company engaged are Mr. Macready, Miss Helen Faucit, and Mrs. Selby, Messrs. Dale, Graham, Ryder, Cowle, Bird, Millington, W. Bennett, Courtney, and Woolgar, who will leave London for Paris on Sunday next. The performances will commence on the 2nd of December, with *Othello*, to be followed by representations of the principal tragedies of Shakspeare, the *Lady of Lyons*, and *Werner*. The company will afterwards visit the principal towns in the provinces, and, if arrangements permit, proceed to St. Petersburg. The King of the French, who patronises the undertaking, has taken a box for the whole series of performance, and has signified his intention of visiting the theatre in state.

There appears to be a general disposition in what are called the war journals to give a friendly reception to the English performers, whose *début* in Paris has been announced for the 25th inst. Even the *Charavari* offers them a cordial welcome. It says:—"This is an invasion which nobody will resist. If the English were desirous of taking a theatre by assault, we should

spare them the trouble by throwing open the doors. Paris invades London every year with the song of Duprez, the roudades of Mad. Dorus, the smiles of Mdlle Plessy, the calembours of Vernet, the chansonnettes of Levassor, the transformations of Bouffé, the gaillardises of Mdlle Déjazet, and the pirouettes of Mdlle Dumilâtre. Every year the Théâtre Français, the Académie de Musique, the Variétés, the Gymnase, the Vaudeville, and the Palais Royal, take possession of London for three months, and the least that can be done in return is to receive a chance visit from the Queen's Theatre, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Adelphi. The English comedians have reckoned on French hospitality, and they will not be disappointed."—*Galignani*.

#### PRICE'S PATENT CANDLES.

We have been requested to state, in reprinting the following from the Manchester papers, that Messrs. Richardson and Roebuck are one of the largest and oldest retail firms in the midland and northern counties, having a connection among families of the upper classes such as is possessed by few other traders in England; their opinion, therefore, on the matter in question is entitled to very great weight. The extent of their candle trade may be judged of by the fact of their purchases of the patent candles being to the amount of five thousand pounds sterling at a time.

"Richardson and Roebuck beg to state, for the information of the public, that the chief cause why the Composite (Price's Patent) Candles burn better than any other is, that they contain a very large proportion of the hard substance obtained by pressure from cocoa-nut oil by a patent process. It is a fact known to chemists for some thirty years past that cocoa-nut oil contains more hydrogen in proportion to its carbon than any other oily or fatty substance, and that it therefore gives a bluer flame, and one more absolutely without smoke, and less injurious to the eyes (in consequence of its greater similarity to the beautiful bluish-white light of day), than the flame of any other substance used in candle-making. Believing 'Price's Patent Candles' to be incomparably superior to any of the many imitations, at whatever difference of price, Richardson and Roebuck continue to recommend them to their friends; and they are happy to announce that they have made such arrangements with the patentees as will enable them to reduce the price.—Market-place, Manchester, Nov. 15, 1844." Price's Patent Candles burn without snuffing, like the finest wax, and are cheaper, in proportion to the light given, than the commonest tallow ones. They are sold by respectable dealers throughout the country, at, or under, one shilling per lb.; and wholesale, to the trade, by Edward Price and Co. Belmont, Vauxhall; and Palmer and Co. Sutton-street, Clerkenwell. Purchasers must insist upon being supplied in the shops with "Price's Patent Candles," or they are very likely to get some of the imitations, on account of the greater profit afforded to the dealer on these latter.

#### NOTICE.

The continuation of the article on Passavant's Life of Raphael is unavoidably postponed until the next number.

#### BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THE season, though full of promise, is very barren of performances. Not one work of real value or importance has appeared during the last fortnight, and publishers are resting on their oars just at the moment when the long evenings most tempt to reading. When spring comes, and people in town are absorbed in pleasure, and people in the country no longer sit at home, our wise publishers deluge the market with books, in entire forgetfulness that the season for every other trade in town is the very worst season for theirs. Who would have believed that in November, when a novel is a refuge from gloomy days and long nights, a whole fortnight should have elapsed with no more than one to supply the public appetite.

We have received many letters from Booksellers and Circulating Library keepers on the subject of a cheaper form for novels. To all, due attention has been given, and we thank them for their many suggestions, which we shall not fail to make use of as opportunity may offer.

MR. CHURTON has sent us a copy of his *Author's Handbook*—a very interesting and useful little work, which we purpose to use as a text for divers remarks upon matters connected with printing and publishing, on topics which we are anxious to bring under the consideration of all connected with literature, whether authors, editors, or booksellers. The primary purpose of this pamphlet is to recommend the system of publishing by commission as preferable to that of a partner-

ship in profits or a purchase of copyright. And there can be little doubt that when it is practicable the plan would be the most profitable to writers. But it presumes in the author an ability to incur the risk which few of the struggling men of genius can afford. It may be, as MR. CHURTON asserts, that "many a writer of eminent ability—many a writer of great and striking merit—has been doomed to oblivion by the capricious conduct of an interested publisher." But wherefore? Because the said publisher believed that the work would not pay him to buy it, and if it would not pay him to buy it, it would not pay the author to print and publish it on his own account. It is not surprising that, whatever its merits, a publisher should hesitate to pay for the copyright of a work of an untried writer, for the public taste is notoriously capricious. In such case, the obviously fair arrangement is a division of profits, the publisher hazarding the bare cost of the printing and advertising. In this manner was *Waverley* given to the world. But we must pause for this week, purposing to renew the subject.

It will be seen that many useful improvements have been made in *THE CRITIC*. The lists of foreign books will add greatly to its value, and make it the most extensive collection of literary intelligence that issues from the press, of information, indeed, that can be procured from no other source.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED,

From Nov. 12th to Nov. 28th.

##### NEW BOOKS.

*The Betrothed*: by ALESSANDRO MANZONI. A new translation.

*Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles*, with illustrations.

*Haynes's Commentary on the Eton Latin Grammar*.

*The Mosaic Workers; a Tale of Venice*: by GEORGE SAND.

Translated by E. A. A.

*Flowers, their Moral Language and Poetry*: by H. G. ADAMS.

*Dialogues on Instinct*: by LORD BROUGHAM.

*Craik's History of British Commerce*. Vol. I.

*Craik's History of Literature*. 2 vols.

*A Volume of Varieties*.

##### NEW EDITIONS.

*Elementary Latin Exercises*: by M. THORNBORROW. Sixth edition.

*Dr. A. Coombe's Principles of Physiology applied to Education and Health*. 12th edition.

*Literary Leaves*: by D. L. RICHARDSON. 2nd edition. 2 vols.

##### PAMPHLETS.

*An Essay on the Union of Agriculture and Manufactures*: by CHARLES BRAY.

*National Regeneration*: by a retired Military Officer.

##### PERIODICALS.

*The New Edinburgh Review* for November.

#### BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

Letters to be addressed to MR. CROCKFORD, Critic Office, 29, Essex-street.

Mrs. Jamieson's *Characteristics of Woman*.

*Encyclopedia Metropolitana*.

Nos. I. to XXII. inclusive of the *Law Times*.

The last sheet of the second folio edition of *Shakspeare*, or an imperfect copy of the above edition, containing the same sheet.

*Adolphus and Ellis's Reports*, in volumes or parts.

*Scott's Novels* (Abbotsford Edition), all the parts out.

*Fitzgerald on the Abuse of Words—Impediments to Knowledge*.

#### To Readers and Correspondents.

HERCULES ELLIS.—Thanks for the hint.

*The Essay on Death* is not adapted for our pages.

R. E.'s "*Village Maid*" is not polished enough for publication.

Every writer must practice poetry for some years before he can hope to make a creditable public appearance.

"*Autumn Musings*" are put aside for further consideration.

G. C. R.'s song will, no doubt, be well adapted for music.

It must be understood that we cannot undertake to return any MS. Contributors are therefore requested to preserve copies.

We shall be obliged to any bookseller who will distribute our prospectus and list of subscribers in advantageous quarters; if he will inform us through what agent here we may transmit them.

Many persons have asked us to state the prices of books in reviews and the names of the publishers in the list. That would subject us to the duty for advertisements.

N. S.—We make no charge for insertions in the list of books wanted.